

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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Sales by Auction.

Extensive collection of pictures received from the country. MESSRS. CHRISTIE and MANSON will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on FRIDAY, MARCH 17, and following day, at One precisely, the valuable collection of Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch PICTURES, the property of a gentleman in the north of England, by whom they have been collected during a long residence on the Continent. They comprise numerous capital works of the following great masters:—

D. da Volterra	Teniers	V. Bloeman
Sodoma	G. Dow	V. der Meer
Albano	De Hooghe	V. der Meulen
Guido	Weenix	A. de Vos
Guercino	Rembrandt	Sir J. Reynolds
Marinari	K. de Moor	Gainsborough
Ribera	Mommers	Hogarth
L. Cranach	V. Acet	Wilson
A. Durer	Pynacker	Crome.
Gonzales		

May be viewed two days preceding, and catalogues had.

Pictures of high class and interest, collected by that well-known importer Mr. Chaplin, of New Bond-street. M. R. PHILLIPS begs to announce to the nobility and gentry, that in consequence of Mr. Chaplin having retired from business, he has received his directions to submit to SALE by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, APRIL 4, at One o'clock precisely, the whole of his collection of valuable PICTURES, formed with great care and acknowledged judgment, principally from the Dutch and Flemish schools. In the present stage it will only be necessary to enumerate a few of the leading works composing the collection, which are of the highest class of art, viz. A River Scene, by Cuy; A Landscape, Hackaert, with Figures and Cattle, introduced by Adrian Vandervelde; A Sea Storm off the Dutch Coast, by Jacob Ruysdael, and three Landscapes by the same admirable artist; a Grand Kermesse, by Jan Steen, and one by A. Ostade; subjects by Wynants, P. Wouwermann, De Koning, Vanderveel, and others; Dead Game, by Weenix; three Italian Landscapes, by R. Wilson, from Lady Ford's Collection; together with other equally interesting pictures, which will be more fully detailed in future advertisements.

73, New Bond-street, January 8.

PICTURES.—PALL MALL.
MESSRS. FOSTER and SON will SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall-mall, on WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, at One precisely, a COLLECTION of PICTURES of the Italian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools: including some excellent specimens of—

Albano	Brauner	Greuze
Titian	Ruysdael	Wilson
C. Maratti	De Heem	Preston
Velasquez	Weenix	Pether
Franks	Vandervelde	Shayer.
Wynants		

Amongst which will be found the Prodigal Son, by Cuy; two Landscapes, with Cattle, by Van Strij; an Italian Landscape, by R. Wilson; a large gallery picture of the Battle of Philippo. Also some valuable enamels and plates for enamellers. May be viewed two days prior, and catalogues had.

Att.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, John-street, Adelphi. —The EXHIBITION of SELECT SPECIMENS of recent BRITISH MANUFACTURES is NOW OPEN, at the House of the Society, every day except Saturdays, between the hours of Ten o'clock and Four, by tickets, to be had gratis of Members and the following:—

Ackermann and Co.	96, Strand.
J. Gundall	12, Old Bond-street.
D. Colnaghi	13, Pall-mall East.
Deane's.	London-bridge.
J. Hetley	Soho-square.
J. Mortlock	250, Oxford-street.
J. Tennant	Strand.
Phillips.	338 and 339, Oxford-street.
R. Henson	Strand.
W. Mortlock	18, Regent-street.

Note.—For the public convenience, tickets will be dispensed with on Saturdays, and the admission will be by payment of 1s. each person.

FOR FIVE SHILLINGS, free by Post, ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS from the ANNUALS, executed on Steel, all different and perfect impressions of Views, Portraits, Figures, Historical Subjects, &c. Forming excellent illustrations for Albums, Scrap-books, Screens, and ornamental and fancy purposes. Forwarded free immediately on receipt of Post-office order.

JAMES REYNOLDS, Print Warehouse, 174, Strand.

* * 200, all different, free for 8s. 6d.

ELDRED'S ART EXPOSITION, 168, NEW BOND STREET.—"Mr. Eldred's Establishment is worth a visit from those who take interest in the advancement of Art; and we congratulate him, though his present Collection is limited, upon having originated an idea quite in the direction of public taste at this time, in his determination to bring together such Specimens in all departments of fine Art as may form a sort of exponent of the existing condition of Art, at least in its more promising aspects."—*Jervis's Newspaper*, Feb. 26, 1848.

ELDRED'S ART EXPOSITION, for the Promotion of English talent.—Now ready, the NEW BREAD PLATTERS, carved by W. G. Rogers; also a newly designed Pedestal for Statuettes, &c. with revolving top. London, sole agent for Mr. Rogers's carvings.

ELDRED'S ART EXPOSITION.—"An Establishment of the kind undertaken by Mr. Eldred has long been desirable, as affording the opportunity for the exposition of the rarest Models of Art, from the Designs of the best Sculptors. The advantages to result to our Art Manufactures, from perseverance in so valuable a direction will be incalculable."—*Morning Post*, Feb. 14, 1848.

ELDRED'S ART EXPOSITION, for the promotion of English Talent, Manufactures, and Commerce. The intention is (as far possible), that constantly shall be placed before the Public all productions of British Design and Manufacture, shewing the great improvement that has lately been introduced into Manufactures connected with the Fine Arts, and if these productions are appreciated and patronised, Great Britain may assume an artistic station proportionate to her rank in manufacturing skill. London: adjoining the Clarendon.

Literature.

LITERARY NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned Gentlemen have given no authority to Mr. BOGUE to announce their names as Contributors to a forthcoming Periodical, called "Gavarni in London," and have no intention to contribute to that Work.

GILBERT A. à BECKETT.
DOUGLAS JERROLD.
W. M. THACKERAY.

March 7, 1848.

THE PARKER SOCIETY have just published a Second Portion of BISHOP JEWEL'S WORKS, and NORDEN'S PROGRESS OF PIETY. The works in preparation for 1848 are—A Third Part of Bishop Jewel's Works, containing his Apology with a portion of the Defence of Bradford—and very probably Fulke's Answer to Martine. Subscriptions (£1) are now due, and it is requested that they may be paid immediately to WILLIAM THOMAS, Esq. secretary, 33, Southampton-street, Strand, London. New members wishing to join the Society can now do so.

Education.

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT, Esher, Surrey.—Mr. COOMBS beg to apprise parents who are desirous of having their children usefully educated, that he has VACANCIES for a limited number of BOARDERS, at 12s. per annum. No extras. The quarter to commence from the day of entrance. References kindly permitted to the parents of the pupils. The course of instruction includes reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar, geography, drawing, &c. The above establishment is situated in a very pleasant and salubrious spot, adjoining Claremont-park, and within a mile from the Esher station on the Southampton Railway. N. B. The morals of the pupils and their domestic arrangements strictly attended to.

EDUCATION, near Claremont, Surrey.—A Married Clergyman of Trinity College, Cambridge EDUCATES for the Professions or Mercantile Pursuits a moderate number of GENTLEMEN'S SONS. His establishment will be found well adapted to Pupils from 7 to 14, as introductory to larger schools, the Principal himself, who has conducted it 20 years personally instructing them in Languages, Composition, &c. Inclusive terms, 40 guineas.

Cards with J. Noble, esq. 15, Upper Bedford-place; and Messrs. Reife and Fletcher, 15, Cloak-lane.

ANCIENT MS.—Amongst a vast quantity recently discovered in an old house near Newhaven, one, now in possession of Mr. Harrison, of 422, Strand, was found to be a recipe for "Makynge of Incke," and supposed to be written by the Monks of some Monastery 400 years ago. This "MONASTIC INK" is prepared and sold only in bottles modelled from one found at the same time, with the MS. forming a curious figure inkstand. Price 6d. and 1d. each.

New Publications.

Just published, price 8s. with Key 10s. 6d. GERMAN in ONE VOLUME, containing a Grammar, Exercises, a Reading-book, and a Vocabulary of 4,500 words. Synonymous in German and English.

By FALCK-LEBAHN.

"The plan of this book is clear, comprehensive, and thoroughly practical. It strips the German language at once of many difficulties which deter English students, but which exist chiefly in the clumsiness of the systems by which it is taught, and not in the language itself."—*Atlas*.

"We consider this volume to be without any competitor."—*San.*

"It comprehends all that is necessary for well-grounded knowledge and rapid progress in the study."—*Morning Chronicle*.

"Had we to recommend the study of German, of all the German grammars which we have examined, and they are not a few, we should unhesitatingly say, 'Falck-Lebahn's is the book for us.'"—*Educational Times*.

"It is especially adapted for those who desire to educate themselves."—*Critic*.

Wittaker and Co. Ave Maria-lane, and at the Author's Class-rooms, 85, Newman-street, Oxford-street.

CAMPAINING IN ITALY.

Now ready at all the libraries, ADVENTURES of an AID-DE-CAMP; or a CAMPAIGN in CALABRIA. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Author of "The Romance of War."

London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 6s, Cornhill,

Who have just published,
JANE EYRE. By CURRIE BELL. 2nd edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1f. 11s. 6d. cloth.

The CONVICT. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d. cloth.

MODERN PAINTERS. By a GRADUATE of Oxford. Vol. I. 4th edition. 18s. cloth.

A JAR OF HONEY from MOUNT HYBLA. By LEIGH HUNT. Illustrated by RICHARD DOYLE. 14s. in Ornamental cover.

THE CRITIC.

TO READERS.

THE arrangement announced in our last, and taking effect with the present number, has, we are happy to say, met with the unanimous approval of our readers. Although many have expressed regret that they are not to welcome THE CRITIC as a weekly visitor, they with one accord prefer to hold a fortnightly intercourse with us rather than part company altogether. Some, indeed, have stated their preference of a less frequent publication, alleging the numerous other claims upon their attention,—and especially at this moment, when the passing topics of the time are of such absorbing interest. Even many of the publishers inform us that they consider a fortnightly issue quite sufficient for a literary journal, as admitting of all that is required in the way of notices of new books and works of art; and they point in proof to the fact that more than half of the entire contents of the weekly journals of this class are filled with other matters than properly belong to the purpose of such a journal. Thus encouraged, we hope that the circle of our readers will receive continual enlargement, and we have no doubt that, by dedicating our columns more strictly to the objects of literary journal (which we conceive to be to give the reader a knowledge of the progress of literature and art), we shall be enabled to keep the readers of THE CRITIC quite on a par in this respect with those who incur the cost of a weekly publication.

It is, perhaps, necessary again to state that at the very trifling annual cost of THE CRITIC it will be impossible for the publisher to undertake the collection of accounts; and therefore, after the present number, all who now receive it direct from the office are requested either to procure it through their booksellers, or to pre-pay, unless they have other accounts at the LAW TIMES Office, in which case it will be sent to them as hitherto. The pre-paid price, including double numbers, will be for—

Half a year.....	5s.
One year.....	10s.

which may be transmitted in postage stamps.

It should also be observed that from this date THE CRITIC will be published *only* at the Office at 29, Essex-street, as formerly, and no longer at the Office in the Strand.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism; the object of the editor is merely arrangement, arrangement; he wishes to give faithful accounts (which in general does not detract from the extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—BULWER.

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Five Years in China: from 1842 to 1847. With an Account of the Occupation of the Islands of Labuan and Borneo by her Majesty's Forces. By Lieut. T. E. FORBES, R.N. Commander of H.M.S. Bonetta. London, 1848. Bentley.

For five years Lieutenant FORBES was in active service along the coast of China, landing and making inland excursions, and forming acquaintances among the native inhabitants, which gave him peculiar opportunities for observing their manners and characters, of which he made good use; for he has thus produced a volume which, if it does not contain very much of actual novelty, presents objects

before described in new and more distinct aspects. The style of his narrative is homely enough, but lively and graphic; he has learned none of the tricks of professional authorship. The bluntness of the sailor is apparent in every page, and we confess, that to us, wearied with the art of authorcraft, a little rudeness of manner is a relief. It is genuine, at least, and that is a great charm.

Lieutenant FORBES has formed a higher opinion of the Chinese than any recent visitor. He asserts that they have been unfairly judged by persons who have seen only their worst classes; as if a Chinaman were to pronounce an opinion of the entire English people from a short residence in Wapping. He says that they are extremely hospitable, very amiable, most polished in manners, and as intelligent as the classes of the same grade among ourselves. And, certainly, it is unfair to try other nations by our own standard of civilisation, and pronounce them backward or barbarous, because in some matters of custom they differ from our notions of propriety. Measured by their progress in science and the useful arts, the Chinese are more advanced than we were a century ago; and there is no doubt that, when we were a nation of barbarians, they were a civilised people. In the art of war they are considerably behind us; but this is rather to their credit than otherwise: proving that they have cultivated the virtue of peace, which we preach, but have not practised. It is indeed strange, and a proof that the gospel is before the age, that a country ignorant of the blessings of Christianity should have cultivated the arts of peace for ages, while the nations to which Christianity has been uttering the precept of "peace on earth" for eighteen hundred years have been engaged in almost incessant warfare! But Mr. FORBES thinks that they are likely to improve (!) in this respect from our severe teachings. He says—

In a Chinese camp of the present day there is little or no discipline. This should not be the case where merit alone (at least so say the edicts) can make a military mandarin, all alike rising from the ranks. I have given these few examples from the events of the late war, but am not of opinion that such a state of things will always exist, or that the Chinese in future will prove a contemptible enemy. Two hundred years of almost uninterrupted peace may have relaxed their discipline; but, from the care that, at the time of my departure, was being bestowed on the repairs of fortifications, embodying regiments, drilling recruits, the size and strength of the men, and the enormous population to draft from, I am inclined to think that a few years of active hostilities would teach them the art of war, and enable them on land to defy invasion by any power in Europe.

But China has within her the elements of a convulsion, should an opportunity offer. Many of her subjects are formidable foes to good order, as witness:—

A fire is a grand occasion for a certain class of the emperor's lieges, who come by water from Fu-kien, and take advantage of the confusion to plunder, and, in this instance, were suspected of being the incendiaries. As the fire increased, the inhabitants began to transport their goods. Two or three men might be seen laden with boxes, preceded by a man, as their advanced guard, armed with a sword, or a large knife, in each hand, brandishing his weapons about as if he would never be taken alive; but, notwithstanding, when the procession came to a turning, two or three Fu-kien men would dart forward, seize one of the boxes, form a guard round it, and carry it off in triumph to their junks: and all this in broad daylight, and in the very teeth of the mandarins, who were all on the spot endeavouring to keep order. I spoiled the fun of two parties, having in my hand a big stick of that kind of cane that

grows to a good thickness in Malacca, and goes by the name of "Penang lawyer," from its being the arbiter of many quarrels. I brought it to bear with effect on the rascals' heads, but found next day that it was a dangerous game, for an English merchant had tried the same thing, but without the assistance of such able counsel as I was guided by; he was surrounded and set upon by the villains, desperately wounded, and almost murdered.

The people of Fu-kien are a kind of gipsy race, who will not acknowledge the existing dynasty.

These Chinese repealers have never acknowledged the Tartar dynasty, and are said to have amongst them the scions of royalty of the genuine old native stock of the Ta-Ming-Chaw. They are an organised body, divided into eight leading tribes, subdivided into twenty-four, and again into fifty smaller branches. They are in many respects peculiar; they wear their hair all over the head, tied into a knot at the top, and ornamented with pheasants' feathers and beads. They marry and intermarry amongst each other, and choose their wives by their powers of singing, and the marriage ceremony consists merely of taking the measure of each other's waists, when the couple are declared man and wife. They are a brave, hardy, active, fierce, and quarrelsome race, inured to deeds of blood; their weapons are bows and arrows, spears, and swords, with which they are quite able to make their independence respected by the constituted authorities. The only control that the government has ever been able to exercise over them is the advantage taken, when once every three years they come down to Canton to buy salt, a necessary that they cannot otherwise procure, and, as it is a government monopoly, the mandarins refuse to supply them with any until they have entered into a treaty to be of good behaviour for the space of three years, and on this occasion only are they to be seen by foreigners. A very respectable and well-known native of Canton is my authority for the particulars of the salt treaty.

He does not confirm the accounts sent home by our missionaries of their progress in China.

CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA.

Of Christianity in China I am afraid I cannot give a very satisfactory account; as for a real native Christian, I do not suppose one exists in the empire; the converts all adhere to the worship of their ancestors, and partial success has attended the preaching of the Roman Catholics alone, who cannot overcome this rooted obedience to the leading precept of the Confucian system. The plan adopted by these worthy fathers is to enter the country thoroughly prepared; they acquire the language at some outpost, together with a knowledge of medicine, or other art that may be turned to a good account; and having let their hair grow into a tail, à la Chinoise, and left European habits behind them, they take ship and enter the country as common sailors or fishermen, and devote themselves to gaining the confidence of the natives. The extent of their success I am ignorant of, but the following extract from the *Chinese Repository*, June, 1846, will shew that they are not idle:—"Apostolic Vicariate, Fu-kien. This province is assigned to the Spanish Dominicans. Bishop Carpena is vicar-apostolic, and there are in connection with the mission, one coadjutor, five European priests, and nine native, and more than forty thousand members." I wish I could say as much for the success of the Church of England mission, but at Koo-lung-su (Kin-lang-Shuy, meaning "gold cold water," or the island of the golden springs), where I was for upwards of a year, the only two Protestant converts that I could hear of, were suspected of running off with the communion plate. And yet we read and are expected to believe such precious romances as the following:—"We have had rather a long season of rain; when it intermits, as it has to-day, many come over from Amoy. It is at such times especially that our situation appears favourable for a mission. It combines the advantages enjoyed by Paul at Ephesus and Rome.

We need not go to the school of one Tyrannus, but can dispute daily with multitudes who come to our own hired house." But the Jesuit possesses great advantages over the Protestant. Amongst bells, candles, incense, chanting, flowing robes, and celibacy of the priesthood, the Buddhist and Catholic are equally at home; and the Church of England does not tolerate the worship of ancestors. But blame must attach somewhere for the paucity of churches; one at Macao and a mat-shed at Hong-Kong comprised all that I could hear of. The Dissenters are better provided with buildings, but are equally unsuccessful at conversion. And yet there are many hard-working and zealous men, both English and American, in the Protestant missions; and perfect toleration is granted to all other sects of Christianity in the five ports equally, as the edict somewhat naively remarks, with the worshippers of images. * * * On the occasion of the death of an officer of her Majesty's service at Chusan, in reply to a military surgeon who had asked an English missionary why he did not attend the hospitals to administer the consolations of religion to the sick, the amateur apostle, who no doubt flattered himself he was not like the publicans, said, " Soldiers and sailors are so very bad, it is of no use; I never like to go near them."

It would appear that Punch's birth-place is not Italy, as hitherto has been supposed, but China, where he has been the established favourite for ages, and under the identical name.

PUNCH IN CHINA.

Punch is all in his glory, native and to the customs born, though his birthplace, like that of Homer, may be a subject of controversy. Yet I am afraid that to China belongs the glory of having produced Pun-tse,—that is, the son of an inch: from thence it seems he found his way into Italy under the name of Policinello, but resumed his old appellation on his further travels. As soon as the effects of the war were over and the trades began to re-collect, Punches in numbers flocked in, and were great favourites among the sailors. Gong and triangle answered the purposes of drum and panpipes. The twang of voice, " roity toity," was the same that I have often heard on Ascot Heath; Judy, mad with the same harsh usage from her loving lord; Toby, too, was there; but the Devil introducing a huge green dragon to devour him, bones and all, was the only innovation of importance. Immediately under a huge highly-painted scene of a battle stands a fellow with inflated cheeks, trying to outsound a gong which he is beating with all his might; under the picture are small holes for ocular demonstrations of the mysteries within; and the bended forms of some juveniles show that all his wind and noise is not expended for nothing,—which may mean, " Look a little further, and you will see the discomfiture of the Barbarian Eye, by the son of Heaven's General his Excellency How-now, Master-General of Ceremonies, Director of the Gabel, and Tamer of the Sons of the Western Ocean."

A specimen of Mr. FORBES's skill in sketching the characteristics of a people is this picture of

ITINERANT TRADESMEN.

In addition to the shops, the frequented streets and populous villages are supplied with travelling trades of every kind besides; the tea-gardens and squares are filled with astrologers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, peep-shows, jugglers, Punch, dentists, quacks—in short, all the drags on the purse to be found in other countries. The most useful of these is the walking *restaurateur*. His apparatus is of the most compact order, all lightly balanced on his back with one hand, while with the other he teases a fire, and goes from place to place crying his various prepared dishes, until his progress be arrested by some hungry traveller. His whole apparatus, which may be six feet high by nine feet long, is almost entirely made of bamboo. Besides the one in which he walks, there are two perpendicular divisions; on the top of that before him are the basins, plates, &c.; then the supply of wood, below which is the fire-place

and kitchen, consisting of an iron pan, covered over by a wooden tub, and let into a light plaster-work upon the fire; thus he boils, stews, or fries, according to the taste of the customer; in the other division are the meats, vegetables, &c. besides a quantity of gaudy Chinaware, containing the dried herbs, peppers, &c. required; for a trifling sum the labourer can here procure a hearty meal without leaving his work, as the *restaurateur* hovers about all places where most needed. Besides the above are tea-stalls of the same kind, in which are kept hot and ready the various kinds of Bohea for public convenience. The itinerant barber's apparatus is complete, the water always boiling on a fire over his head, while in his rear on a pole, balanced over his shoulder, are water, basin, razors, towels, &c.; if he be in requisition he picks out a convenient spot, shaves the head, cleans the ears and eyes, cracks the joints, and shampoos the body, in an incredibly short space of time. Hair is only worn on the crown of the head in the shape of a queue. The shaving is a matter of necessity to the mandarin and gentleman, while scarcely a labourer goes more than three or four days unshorn. This trade is in constant exercise, but the death of an emperor is a sure holiday to the barber, shaving and mourning being inconsistent with each other. Tinker, tailor, and shoemaker, each has his pack, and basking in a sunny spot piles his trade, finishes off one job, and utters his peculiar cry for another. The dentist no sooner pitches his tent on arriving, than he unfolds to the admiring crowd a huge scroll, on which, at the left side, are set forth his home, place of birth, &c.; the rest of the scroll speaks of his fame and skill in cleaning, curing, and extracting teeth, and knowledge of the mouth in general; if this fail to obtain a customer, he opens box after box, producing hundreds of human teeth, on which he lectures, declaring each large and more decayed tooth to have belonged to a prince, duke, or high mandarin, who honoured him with his patronage, and saved himself from the most terrific tortures. Should a bystander at last be attracted and offer his mouth for inspection, the instruments are produced, and if extraction be required it is done with much expertness; he shews the instrument to the crowd, describes its use and power, and, as an illustration of it, draws the tooth, while the sufferer imagines he is merely going to shew how he would do it: if cleaning is required, he exhibits his instruments one by one, and using each, keeps up a chant and lecture alternately. After the operation is performed, he recommends his powders; I tried several, and detected a strong mixture of camphor in all. Thus he continues, until having remained a short space without a customer, he packs up and moves to another convenient spot. The fortune-teller is a cunning, mysterious looking rascal: he is seated at a table under an awning; before him his magic mirror, books, pencils, ink, &c. So intent is he on his studies, that the vociferations of a country-looking bumpkin, which have attracted a crowd of gazers, have failed to awaken him. Slowly he arouses himself from the trance of his meditations, and with a mysterious shudder and start he excuses himself hastily, shuts his book with an air, talks of the spirits having deceived him in causing him to believe that a poor man, destined to fill a high office, humbly awaited him at the gate of celestial bliss; is much surprised when his clownish customer calls upon him to unfold his prophetic powers, and relate what heaven may have in store for him. Having asked him if he is sure that they have not met before, which question confirms the bumpkin in the opinion that he must have been the cause of this extraordinary vision, he places a stool for him opposite, and then commences the divination of futurity. After asking a few questions, he places his mirror so as to reflect the heavens, and inscribes thereon certain mystic signs; these he continually changes (having referred to a number of books and talking all the time aloud), writing now and then on a slip of paper. He at last fills up all he requires, and hands it to the delighted and deluded simpleton; then falling into a reverie awaits the arrival of another, who is not slow in arriving: one fool makes many, and the trade is a good one.

Portugal and Galicia. By Lord CARNARVON.

Part II. London. Murray.

THE second and concluding part of Lord CARNARVON's narrative has just arrived, and with no other preface than to assure the reader that it possesses the same attractions as we described in our notice of the first part, we proceed to present a few more proofs that our commendations were well deserved.

The effects of locality upon the character of a people have been noticed frequently; the inhabitants of the mountain and the valley differ in tastes and feelings, as well as in habits. Lord CARNARVON adduces a very remarkable instance of this. The valleys of the Entre Minho are, he says, the most charming in the world:—

All that is most graceful in cultivated scenery, all that is most striking in the wild landscape, have combined to render this little district a fairy-land. In the more sheltered situations of the Entre Minho the tea-plant and the Cape Jessamine grow with little care, while the azereiro, or *Prunus Lusitanica*, the cytisus, and several varieties of the cistus tribe, are intermingled in gay profusion with the lofty broom of Madeira. The fields are full of Indian corn; the meadows are abundantly watered by artificial as well as by their own natural and beauteous streams: the sides of the hills, converted into terraces, are cultivated with exquisite care; the vines climb up the highest trees, and at once embrace and unite the oak, the chestnut, and the poplar. Let the traveller pause in almost any valley of the Minho, and his eye will feast on all this rich detail of beauty, while from the adjacent heights of granite rock he will command a gorgeous scene of woodland, diversified by streams, and frequent cottages half-seen amongst, half-hid by, their embowering groves; he will perceive spots almost inaccessible, yet reclaimed from the heathery mountain, planted with maize, and hanging as if in the air; he will gaze with admiration on the many remnants of the old warrior castles, each invested with its peculiar legend, and guarded by its own enchanted Moress; and last, not least in beauty, on the convent towers, rising in peaceful pomp above the luxuriant plain.

Poetry and song are in vogue amid these delicious valleys; the people have a natural tendency to poetic expression and poetic exaggeration even in the ordinary intercourse of life. So, also, have the inhabitants of the loftier region of the Traz os Montes, but it is modified by the different character of the country.

In the Minho the mind of man is more light and elastic, embellishing all it touches, investing matters of little interest with a nameless grace, and frequently advertizing to common objects with an almost Oriental profusion of metaphor. But in the Traz os Montes the imagination of the mountaineer partakes of the gloom of his own less genial climate and of the Gothic world. For instance, the crimson clouds that surround the setting sun would be compared by the gay people of the Minho to the damask rose of their own enchanted valley of Barcelos, while the same clouds in the Traz os Montes would be likened to the blood of a slaughtered enemy. A difference equally striking pervades the provincial songs: soft and tender in the Minho, generally plaintive, but almost always celebrating the joys and sorrows of a gentle love; in the Traz os Montes they breathe more often the language of frantic passion and vehement revenge. The common peasant in the Entre Minho not unfrequently adopts the expressions and understands the delicacy of refined courtship; in the Traz os Montes he often holds the language, and is animated by the sentiments, of a hero. The inhabitants of both provinces are loyal to excess. In the Minho it is the unthinking, reckless, laughter-loving loyalty of the Frenchman of the old school; but in the Traz os Montes attachment to the sovereign is, in times of trouble, a stern engrossing passion which banishes every selfish consideration, and scarcely admits

of a co-existing thought. The inhabitant of the Minho, under every fluctuation of feeling, enjoys equal and unclouded spirits; but his brother mountaineer, like the Highlander of old, is alternately wrought to the loftiest enthusiasm, or weighed down by the deepest dejection; and in that mood of mind an omen from the river or the cloud will daunt a heart assailable by no mere mortal peril; he has indeed his golden dreams, his confident anticipations of success, but then he has his sure forebodings of approaching doom. Both the inhabitants of the Traz os Montes and of the Minho are devotedly attached to their native soil; the people of the Minho frequently maintain that neither the rest of Portugal, nor any known portion of the globe, can compete in beauty with their valleys, but that Heaven alone possesses such scenes of true enchantment.

This is drawn with the hand of a master.
Here is a vivid picture of

A PORTUGUESE HEATH.

On the following morning we continued our journey, and wound along the edge of a precipice. We were now in spring, the most delightful season of a Portuguese year. To the lover of natural beauty Portuguese heath is, at that time a scene of indescribable interest, at least in those happy spots where the peculiarly favourable nature of the soil permits the development of its varied treasures. Through such a scene we passed: the earth was then clad in its richest apparel; besides the rosemary, the juniper, the myrtle, the lavender, and a thousand bulbous plants disclosing their thousand beauties, the ericas umbellata and australis, with their brilliant and deep-red blossoms, and the various cisti, some yellow, some of a rosy tint, some white as snow, and others streaked with purple, embroidered the plain with their variegated and delightful hues. The very insects, disporting over those beautiful wastes, were marked by the same rich and decided colouring: the deep blue of the butterfly was not surpassed by its own azure heaven; and the emerald-green of some species of the scarabaeus tribe seemed fresh from the colouring of their own Almighty artist. In short, a common character of grace and beauty in detail distinguished almost every object of animate and inanimate nature. In gazing on that scene, how strongly did I feel that the great Author of those natural treasures is not more to be marvelled at in the awful assemblage of worlds which he has placed around us, than in those minute and sometimes almost microscopic glories which he has spread in such harmonious profusion at our feet! But these varied beauties that occasionally charm the eye on a Portuguese heath, and keep alive every faculty of perception, are not, it must be confessed, the distinguishing characteristics of the great wastes of Alentejo.

What a lively sketch is this of

A PORTUGUESE CEREMONY.

I called one morning on a high dignitary of the Church, and, ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low and, as I supposed, a final salutation: but no; when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length

completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his Eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.

And this of

PORtUGUESE MANNERS.

As I am here alluding to the manners of the country, I will just state that in Portugal a gentleman never quits an apartment in which there are ladies without turning round on arriving at the door, although he has already taken leave, to renew his parting salutation to his fair friends, who gracefully return it; and so invariably is this the practice, that man disregarding it would be considered as positively deficient in the courtesies of good society, and a lady would feel somewhat disconcerted by the omission of such a customary mark of attention. Habit is so completely second nature, that, on returning to England after a considerable residence in Portugal, I could hardly refrain from this practice; and till British customs had again in some degree effaced my foreign impressions, I felt, on seeing our Englishmen quit the drawing-room without this salutation, that kind of uncomfortable sensation which is involuntary excited in the mind, by witnessing a rather coarse neglect of any of the recognised conveniences of society; so truly conventional are many of those habits which appear interwoven with our very nature, and to be "rather part of us than ours." When upon any occasion a Portuguese tendered his arm to a lady, he is bound to offer his left arm, on the chivalrous principle that the heart, the seat of the affections, should be placed as nearly as possible in juxtaposition with the fair being to whom, for the moment at least, the homage of its possessor is due.

The noble lord was taken prisoner during the insurrection, and was very nearly being sacrificed to the fury of the mob. The narrative of his capture and confinement is of absorbing interest, but too long for extract.

An instance of the corruption of justice at its source in the remoter districts of the country was related to our traveller by

AN ANDALUSIAN BANDIT.

I passed through Lucena, a town situated in the kingdom of Granada, and in the heart of a wild and secluded district, at that time abandoned, almost without a struggle, to a numerous banditti, who had encamped in a neighbouring forest, and were carrying on their depredations with impunity. Every man carried a musket, every detached house was rudely fortified as in the feudal times, and the boldest feared to traverse the wood except in caravans or large bodies, associated and armed for mutual protection. I remember hearing at this place that a noted robber had recently appeared in the town, and had murdered an inhabitant in the open day: he was arrested; but, in consequence of the nature of the depositions stating the case, was speedily liberated. I asked how this had occurred. "It was quite natural," my informant answered, "for he supplied the Escribanos, and some of our principal magistrates, with clothes." "Was he then a tailor?" I asked with some surprise; knowing well that the Andalusian bandit generally follows his vocation pretty exclusively, and regards with haughty contempt the peaceful habits of industrious life. "A tailor, Señor!" said my friend, smiling at my simplicity; "he was a caballero" (a cavalier), "and when any travellers fell into his hands he appropriated their gold and their goods generally, but reserved the waistcoats and trowsers of the denuded individuals for the Escribanos and

magistrates, who were consequently the best-dressed men in the town, and were thus enabled to keep up the dignity of their profession. In his prosperous days he supported them, and they were bound by every tie of interest and honour to uphold him in the hour of adversity." This good understanding between the robber and the functionary is rather severe upon the traveller, not only because all hope of redress or restitution of goods is thereby rendered hopeless, but because a real orthodox bandit of Andalusia generally despairs the appropriation of wearing apparel, and therefore this spoliation of coats and waistcoats may be considered as an extra loss incurred for the benefit of the guardians of the law. The state of Lucena was singular enough about that time. To English eyes it was curious to behold a party dressed for an evening assembly, proceeding to a house a few hundred yards from the town with muskets in their hands. It was a strange mixture of modern civilization with an almost feudal state of society.

We must now reluctantly bid adieu to this pleasing book.

The Parson, Pen, and Pencil. By the Rev. G. M. MORDEN, M.A. Vicar of Borden. London, 1848. Bentley.

Few learned men can make their lore familiar, —fewer still can turn sedate reflections into wise saws or instructive gossip. It is a part of the practised cant of the assumers of genius that trifling affairs are unworthy their attention,—forgetting that the sum of these trifles constitutes philosophy, and gives to the world its wisdom.

The Vicar of Borden is very far from being a specimen of this kind of the *genus human.* He is a thorough John Bull, with Oxford's classicality attached to his tail,—a kind of good-tempered, unassuming, chatty companion, with less vulgarity and more self-respect than generally attaches to garrulity—just the very man, in short, whom we should select as an imparter of knowledge along with entertainment. And, sooth, we have a prejudice in favour of those who would pour forth learning as they would the sparkling nectar, rather than as the cold draughts from the pellucid spring. We like purity, but let it be the warm cheering purity that soothes and softens while it improves and enlightens.

Mr. MUSGRAVE went with his son to Paris, and Tours, and Rouen. He doffed the "M.A." and became the knowledge-seeking, observation-making enthusiast. Though selecting an old road, it seems to have been newly ornamented for him. He has detected objects and pointed out beauties never described before, and to the hackneyed themes of travel-book makers he has attached much new interest by his novel mode of viewing them. His mental scope is very diffuse. In religion, of course, he is quite at home. But art, music, and agriculture are equally familiar matters to him. Whether in the cathedral or in the agricultural cottage—at a vesper service or at a trial of the last new ploughing machine, you trace in his descriptions the "*pen and pencil*" of one who has had a long and intimate acquaintance with men and manners—science and literature—countries and books. The introductions which his station and attainments ensured were of eminent service, and such as cannot be commanded by every traveller.

Mr. MUSGRAVE'S activity was, of course, simultaneous with the commencement of his journey. He was always armed, for impressions of the ludicrous and mirthful quickly struck him. We will drop with him on to the deck of

THE STEAMER TO BOULOGNE.

Affairs soon began to wear a dismal aspect on

deck also. The diplomatist's lady was swinging in her travelling-carriage, which blocked up the passage of communication fore and aft; screwing her courage to that sticking-place. Another carriage was lashed in the same position larboard, effectually spoiling my promenade from stem to stern, in which I rejoice on shipboard, especially against a headwind. By a wheel of this barouche one delicate lady, of upwards of five-and-forty years of age, held on during the whole passage; her right hand grasping her son's; eyes closed, features rigid; feet riveted, as it were, to the plank. It was a singular spectacle; a great experiment. It succeeded. Not so many twenty or thirty beyond her. What a scene! How soon the loud talking ceased! How stealthily the couples that had begun by nestling into quiet chat withdrew from further gossip. Where are those laughing eyes under the Leghorn bonnet and apricot-tinted ribbons? Alas! they are glaring, without "speculation," on the heaving waters; the pretty blue-fringed parasol is broken, and *The Travellers' Guide through Kent* lies uncut, unheeded at her feet. The very polite and communicative beau, her particular friend's brother, with that smart Joinville tie and Chesterfield Macintosh coat, who, only half an hour since was pitying the "landsmen," and proposing lunch, has succumbed to peculiar sensations, and grasps the gunwale with a sick man's clutch, deplored from his heart, that "Nature," as Ben Jonson saith, "hath these vicissitudes, and makes no man a state of perpetuity."

There was much food for amusement and active observation in the resort for English bankrupts, and the route through Abbeville to Paris was a line of perpetual entertainment.

As illustrative of our remark that the author was *au fait* in agricultural matters (as, by the bye, all country parsons should be), we take his sketch of

HAYMAKING AT BERNAY.

The farmers do not stack this crop as we do. Having made the hay, the mowers gather the swathes into masses of about fourteen feet length by five in breadth, and five feet six inches in height. In about two or three days' time they thatch these, only to protect them until the farmer finds leisure to do what follows. At the fitting opportunity he sends in one, or, if there be more than two acres' breadth, he sends two men into the field. In case the field be very near the farm premises, a waggon comes with them, loaded with inferior straw: this is taken out of the waggon, as it moves among the haycocks; an armful or two being deposited by each. But if there be an abundant crop of hay, no straw is sent; the bands are made up from the hay. The labourer now begins his peculiar job. He pulls to pieces the mass (or haycock, as we will call it), of the dimensions already stated, and forms the hay into bundles, weighing fourteen pounds each. From long experience, he reckons the weight by his eye, and, as I learned from the farmers, with a precision which is quite marvellous. These bundles he ties up either with the straw, as I have mentioned, or with the hay-band. The bundle of fourteen pounds thus made up is called a *bottle*, and the verb in the French language, *botteler*, signifies to make such bottles. In fact, this is the old "bottle of hay," in which our favourite adage challenges the most inquisitive searcher to find a needle. Four of these bottles make, therefore, our truss of old hay; four and a half the truss of new. When the *bottle-maker*, as we may call him, has made up a sufficient number of "bottes" to fill a waggon, the vehicle is sent in, the farmer or bailiff knowing with tolerable accuracy the space of time required for the making up of the whole crop; and these "bottes" are forked into it and borne off to that barn which is reserved for the hay; and there the whole crop is stowed away. The farmers stated that they thus knew to a fraction the amount of the "yield," and the consumption of the provender, and were, moreover, enabled to regulate with exactitude the precise allowance which each horse, cow, or sheep, should receive in conjunction with other *fouage* or pro-

vender. I must, however, reserve this part of the subject for further mention, merely recording by the way an opinion delivered by one of my agricultural acquaintances in Normandy, that our English method of stacking the hay, and letting it stand for upwards of a year, till the mass becomes so compact as not to admit of even a man's finger being thrust into it, was, for many considerations, a very superior arrangement.

The Parson gets to Paris, and a proof of his versatility will be found by turning to his savoury sketch of

FRENCH AND ENGLISH JOINTS.

The butchers' shops are respectable enough; but there is neither the fatted ox nor the well-fed, wholesomely-pastured sheep, to produce the jolly sirloin of old England, or the elegant saddle and venison-like haunch we can command in a small post-town in our own favoured country. I saw some joints of mutton and veal very tidily displayed on clean white cloths in the shops; but few hooks, and par conséquent, few hanging legs or ribs to tempt healthy appetite, and constitute one plain substantial dish. The legs of veal were invariably cut out with the tail depending from them. As for the nobly proportioned fillet or rump, aitch-bone, or brisket, conveying by turns the wholesomest reminiscence of cold round and cauliflower pickles, or hot marrow, dark gravy, and carrots, suet dumplings, and other such trimmings to salted beef in its varied presentations, there was no spectacle of the kind. The meat is disjointed uncomfortably, grotesquely shaped, and deplorably lean. The butchers have no more idea of the outline, even of a genuine steak, than they have of our Domesday Book. They cut a gibbous lump from any inferior fleshy part, somewhat akin to our "clogs and stickings," give it a blow or two with the chopper, and entitle it a "bitfik." It contracts its bulk on being placed in a frying-pan or gridiron, by many a shifting, twisting movement, till its surface is indented, and full of little cavities, into which the infatuated cook pours oil, or better melted into an oil, and a spoonful or two of shredded parsley; and this "horror" is served away hot, *selon les règles*, tough as a pelican's leg, greasy as a tallow-tub, sans fat, sans gravy, or Harvey sauce, sans horseradish, sans shalott or oysters, or any of those little relishing adjuncts which on our tables require the teeth for occasionally extra labour and the outlay of tenpence on each pound of beef-steak.

Mr. MUSGRAVE's trip was before the Revolution of February had worked its changes. He therefore found the railways very level, and the French people very peacefully inclined toward England and very accommodating toward himself. We shall return to his book again and endeavour to give our readers a notion of his doings after he had left the heroic city.

FICTION.

Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp; or, a Campaign in Calabria. By JAMES GRANT, Esq. Author of "The Romance of War." In 3 vols. London, 1848. Smith, Elder, and Co.

It is doubtful to which department—fiction, travels, or biography—these volumes properly belong. They are a mingling of all three; but inasmuch as the story and some of the scenes and characters are ingenious inventions, perhaps they will fall more correctly under the category of fiction, although the reader will find at least as much to inform as to amuse him.

Calabria is a country of which we possess a very imperfect knowledge; every addition to it will therefore be heartily welcomed. And so far is Mr. GRANT's title a reality, that he is intimately acquainted with the country, was present during the short campaign there in 1806, and has preserved the most vivid memories of

persons and places, which he now revives, with the attractive addition of an interesting story, as the bond that not only connects isolated scenes, but suggests topics for description of which the author has largely availed himself.

It was in the evening of the last day of June 1806, that the regiments destined to the service in Calabria came to an anchor off the coast, and immediately they were introduced to a people whose aspect betrayed their habits.

Our ships were surrounded by craft of all shapes and sizes, filled with people from St. Eufemio and other places adjacent; bright-eyed women, their dark hair braided beneath square linen head-dresses, with here and there a solitary "gentiluomo," muffled in his cloak and ample hat, beneath which glowed the red spark of a cigar; meagre and grizzled priests; wild-looking peasantry, half naked, or half covered with rough skins; and conspicuous above all, many fierce-looking fellows, wearing the picturesque Calabrian garb, of whose occupation we had little doubt; the gaiety of their attire, the long dagger gleaming in their sashes, the powder-horn, and the well-oiled rifle slung across the back by a broad leather sling, proclaimed them brigands; who came crowding among their honest countrymen to hail and bid us welcome as allies and friends.

Early next morning they effected a landing. The scene is well described:—

It was a soft and balmy morning: the vast blue vault above was free from the faintest fleecy cloud, and pervaded by the deep cerulean hue so peculiar to this enchanting climate. At that early hour not a sound stirred the stillness of the pure atmosphere, save the twittering of the merry birds as they fluttered from spray to spray, or the measured tramp of feet and clanking of accoutrements as the smart light troops in their green uniform moved rapidly forward—the glazed tops of their caps, their tin canteens, and bright musket barrels flashing in the light of the morning sun. As we advanced into the open country the scenery rapidly changed: the sandy beach, the bold promontory, and sea-beaten rock, gave place to the vine-clad cottage and the wooded hill. Some antique tomb, a rustic fountain, or a time-worn cross half sunk in earth, often adorned the way-side; the white walls of convent embosomed among luxuriant orange-trees, or an ancient oratory, with its carved pilasters and grey arches, occasionally met the eye; while the dark arcades of a vast and ruined aqueduct stretched across the valley, and the ramparts of a feudal castle frowned from the mountains above; the ruddy-hue of its time-worn brick, or ferruginous rock, harmoniously contrasting with the bronzed foliage of dense forests, forming the back-ground of the view. The air was redolent with the perfume of roses and myriads of other flowers which flourished in the wildest luxuriance on every side; while the gigantic laurel, the vine, with its purple fruitage, the grateful acacia, and the glossy ilex, alternately cast their shadows across our line of march. All this was delightful enough, no doubt; but a rattling volley of musketry which flashed upon us from amid the dark recesses of a wood we were approaching brought a dozen of our party to the ground, and the whole to a sudden halt. "Live Joseph, King of Naples!" cried the French commanding officer, brandishing his sabre. "Another volley, my brave——" But before his last order could be obeyed our own fire was poured upon his light troops, whose pale green uniform could scarcely be distinguished from the foliage among which they had concealed themselves in such a manner as completely to enfilade the highway. Shot dead by the first fire, Kraünz rolled from his saddle beneath the hoofs of my horse; and his glazing eyes glared upwards on me for a second. Perhaps I answered by a scowl; for I thought of my brother Frank.

As new and interesting as any thing we could select, and as favourable a specimen of the author's powers of description, is his narrative of

A NIGHT WITH THE ZINGARI.

An hour's hard riding brought me to the skirts of the forest, so famous as the haunt of wolves and brigands, that I did not feel perfectly at ease in its vicinity, and kept on the alert as I proceeded. On one side stretched away into obscurity the level shore, bordered by the sea, which rolled its sullen waves on the yellow sand, or dashed them in glittering foam against the jutting rocks; on the other arose the rustling oaks and beeches of the lofty forest, the long dark vistas and gloomy recesses of which the sun had never penetrated. From the wooded heights I expected every moment to issue the red flash of a rifle, or the glancing weapons and tall conical hats of Francatrisa's horde; but I trusted that my character as an Italian ally would gain me some favour with those desperadoes, whose ferocity, strange to say, was often mingled with the highest spirit of patriotism and chivalry. A dense cloud obscured the radiant moon, casting a long shadow over sea and land, and I missed the beaten track which supplied the place of a road. Presently, Cartouche sank to the girths in a plantation of rice, where he snorted and lunged furiously. By using bridle and spur with the utmost caution, I extricated him, but he sank again and again, and I had fears of losing my noble grey altogether. A rice field is little better than a marsh, full of water and holes. I toiled on for half an hour, holding his bridle, and endeavouring to regain the lost road, but every instant we plunged deeper into bogs and pools of stagnant water. At last I regained *terra firma*, close to the forest, but was exhausted with over-exertion and want of sleep. Then the warnings of Bianca were remembered, and I regretted not having remained all night at the villa. On the verge of the forest, and close to the preceptory-house of Castlelermo—a ruin overgrown with vine and ivy, and now brilliantly illuminated by the moon, which broke forth with double splendour—I came suddenly upon a large blazing fire, that lit up the dark arcades of the wood, and hissed as the dew was shaken from the waving branches on the flames. Around it moved a group of people whom at first I supposed to be brigands, but on nearer approach I found they were Zingari—a class half gypsies, half robbers, of unknown origin, and speaking Italian, but with an accent peculiar to themselves. Like all the scattered remnants of this mysterious tribe in other countries, the Zingari wander over the face of the land without possessing any property save the chattels borne in the paniers of their mules and asses. The vagrants are chiefly employed in working in metals, which they manufacture into rude stilettos, buckles, and bodkins, though they live principally by their wits and the nimbleness of their fingers.

On my approach, the male portion of the community snatched up their knives and poles; and a skirmish might have ensued, had not an old man, who appeared to be their capo or chief, quieted their clamour, and stepped forward to receive me. The gang consisted of twelve men, and the same number of women; all of them clad in a gaudy, though miserable manner. The old Zingari had a beard like that of a patriarch, and the thick masses of his grizzled hair were confined in a netted bag, —the only covering his head perhaps had ever known. His red cotton breeches, and deer-skin jacket were worn to tatters, and his brawny brown legs were bare below the knee, his feet being encased in sandals laced with straps above the ankle; a knife, a flask, a pouch, and a mandolin, which, with a staff or ashen pole, six feet long, completed his equipment. The younger vagabonds were all attired much in the same manner; their dark glancing eyes, naked limbs and shoulders, with tangled hair, and wolf-skin garments, giving them a very savage or satyr-like aspect. Believing there was no cause to fear these people, and being willing to rest and gratify my curiosity, I dismounted, and returned ceremoniously the greeting of the venerable capo. "Cross her hand with a ducat of gold, that Zilla may read your fortune, signor gentiluomo!" said a young girl, dancing round me, and snapping her castanets, while a gipsy struck a few notes on a rude guitar, and chanted the Zingaresca. "Touch my hand with gold, and if your love will

be successful, I will read it in the stars." "I would rather have it read from your own bright eyes, my pretty douzella," said I, with a gallant air. This made the eyes of the young rogue with the guitar flash fire; and on my attempting to take the hand of the girl, she tripped away from me with a demure air of rustic coquetry, which made her look prettier still. Though not tall, she was finely formed: the contour of her head and profile was of classic beauty. Her eyes were darker than any I had ever looked on, and at times they became lustrous with lambent light; and her teeth, white and regular, were unsurpassed in brilliancy even by those of Bianca. But her face, her arms, and legs,—the latter partially displayed by a scanty petticoat—were burned by the sun to a hue considerably darker than the natural olive of her race. Her hair was so black, that it seemed of a blue tint, where the light struck upon it, and its luxuriant masses were confined by a golden arrow, with an unexpanded bulb; announcing that she was a maiden spotless and free; the *barb* being the sign of betrothal or marriage. "Gentil signor; for a crown I will write you a spell that will make all the women love you." "Benissimo, my girl!" said I, "if only one woman loves me truly,"—"Or seek you a love potion? or a charm against French bullets?" said a hideous hag, with fierce black eyes, a shrivelled skin, and the aspect of a Hecate.

They invite him to join their revel, and he consents.

It would have been wise to have ridden on my way, with or without a guide, rather than have trusted myself in such quarters and company; but the aspect of the whole group was so strikingly romantic, that I was tempted to linger. The red flames of the fire cast fitful and lurid gleams of light on the dark countenances and wild garments of the wanderers, shedding a fiery glow on the rich green foliage of the gigantic oaks and elms, whose gnarled trunks were interlaced with ivy, vine, and olive. No wind poured through the long still vistas of the forest; whose gloomy recesses were spangled with myriads of fire-flies, flitting like flames of fairy tapers. A mountain torrent was falling near us; and the roaring hiss of the cascade seemed alone to stir the dewy leaves of the umbrageous foliage. The large eyes of the Zingari were glinting in the light, as they stared fixedly on the red embers, or watched the motions of the aged crone who superintended the cooking. The meal—whether late supper or early breakfast, I know not—consisted of sundry portions of roebuck and wild pig, which were broiling and sputtering merrily on the glowing bars of an immense gridiron. To these savoury viands were added cakes of flour, a jar of boiled rice, and a pitcher of the wine of the country. Close by me stood Cartouche, reined up to the lower branch of an oak; his large and prominent eyes glaring in the light of the fire, and his broad red nostrils quivering as the smoke curled around them. This was one of those picturesque scenes of service, which are rendered so pleasant by the very contrast they present to others. Two hours before I had been seated in a superb boudoir, beside Bianca and her friend; now I lounged on the grass among unshaven thieves and vagrants, who regarded my rich uniform and well-trimmed mustachios with eyes of ill-concealed admiration and wonder.

At length they compose themselves to slumber.

Rolled up in my cloak, I lay down to sleep by the feet of my horse; while the Zingari, after posting one of their gang to watch, also composed themselves to repose on the green sward. The novelty of my situation, the character of my companions, and my late happy interview with Bianca, kept floating before me, chasing away sleep, and compelling me for a time to lie awake. I lay watching a gigantic tarantula, a species of spider, well known for the venomous nature of its bite, spinning its net of silvery gauze from the branches of the oak above me. But I soon found a more agreeable object for contemplation in the classic form of Zilla, who lay near me, sleeping on her fa-

ther's mantle of undressed deer-skin, over which her unbound ringlets rolled in luxuriant profusion. At last I dropped into a half slumber, but was speedily aroused by something writhing within my cloak. I threw it open, and lo! a bloated viper of enormous size was coiled round my left arm. While I endeavoured in vain to shake it off, an exclamation of disgust escaped me, which awoke the young girl Zilla; who, on beholding my predicament, fearlessly grasped the throat of the venomous reptile, and tossed it with all her strength amongst the trees. This action recalled the lines in Virgil's Third Georgic :

In fair Calabria's woods a snake is bred,
With curling crest and with advancing head;
Waving he rolls, and makes a winding track;
His belly spotted, burnished is his back.

"Signor, do not be alarmed," said Zilla; "I hope the horrid thing has not bitten you? Ah, were you to sleep a single night where I have often slept, in the sedges by the lake of Lugano, at the base of Mont Salvador, where the surface of the water and all the fields around it swarm with vipers, you would not be so frightened by one." "I was not frightened, my gentle Zingara, though certainly a little startled."

"Pardon me, Excellenza; I meant not that; but—but only that I am so happy to have been of service." She paused with something like embarrassment. She was so beautiful that I was half ashamed to offer her money; and on my placing a Venetian sequin in her hand, strange to say, it was with the utmost reluctance, and after many a furtive glance at the snoring capo, that this half-clad gipsy girl accepted the gift. So I kissed each of her dimpled cheeks—a soldier-like mode of payment, which she evidently relished much more; the sequin seemed only the bestowal of a charity, but the kiss was a compliment. Her oriental eyes kindled with vivacity and light, equalled only by those of the young Zingaro, her admirer; whom I observed coiled up close by, like a snake in a bush, and watching us with a keen expression of anger and mistrust, that boded me little good-will. "And so for this night, I am the rival of a Zingaro—beggarly gipsy boy!" thought I, once more resigning myself to slumber; "what a dashing intrigue for an aide-de-camp! And yet the girl is pretty enough to turn the heads of our whole mess." I tossed and turned restlessly on my grassy bed. In vain I invoked sleep—a dreamy sense of danger kept me awake, although I had a long and hard ride before me at daybreak. At last I fell into a dozing stupor, produced by the capo's wine and the dampness of the bivouac. I was roused to consciousness by a shriek from Zilla—a piercing cry—which brought the whole Zingari to their legs in an instant; and springing up I grasped my sabre. The hideous visage of Gaspare Truffi, lit up by the dying embers, scowled at me for a moment, from among the pale green foliage of an orange-tree; we then heard him bounding away with one of his cloish yells of spite and malice. "Slay him, slay him! O the hideous crookback!" exclaimed Zilla. "Caro Signor I watched while you slept, and saw him stealing near you like a tiger-cat. He had a dagger in his hand, and his look was deadly. I knew his fell intentions." "Ola Zingari!" shouted the enraged capo; "up Mosé—up Maldo—away—after him with your knives and poles!" "A hundred ducats for him, dead or alive!" I exclaimed. "Cowards!" exclaimed the old capo. But no man stirred in pursuit; the lieutenant of Francatrisa was not to be pursued and attacked like an ordinary outlaw. The gang hung their heads and drew back. My exasperation was only equalled by my astonishment at this re-appearance of the hunchback, who I had supposed must have perished in the whirlpool beneath the Villa d'Alfieri. My rage was kindled anew by this third attempt to assassinate me; and had he fallen into my hands at that moment, I should certainly have incapacitated him from making another attempt on my life. As a longer stay with my new acquaintances in such a vicinity seemed likely to be fraught with other troubles and dangers, I mounted and rode off, accompanied by a little boy, the brother of Zilla. To her I tendered

my thanks and purse at parting; but what gold could ever repay the debt of gratitude I owed the poor gipsy-girl? She had saved my life. I thought less of it then than I have done since; one's existence is in hourly peril when campaigning, and escapes from danger are matters of much less note in warfare than in time of peace.

We might extract twenty adventures equally interesting with this, but our limits forbid longer indulgence. We have, however, sufficiently introduced Mr. GRANT to our readers to tempt them to procure the volumes which contain so much that is novel, exciting, and attractive. It is precisely the sort of work to pass round the book-club, which every member will read and be pleased with; the lovers of fiction for its stories, the lovers of fact for its sketches of places and persons, the lovers of literature for the life and spirit of the composition. Should an opportunity offer we may possibly return to its pages for another gleanings; but, of course, having to deal with a fortnight's supply of new publications instead of a week's produce as formerly, we cannot be so lavish of extract from particular books, that we may still do justice to all.

The Count; or, Sublunary Life. By One in High Station. In 3 vols. London, 1848. Newby.

HIGH station, it is true, does not always indicate the possession of great ability; but nevertheless, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the author of *The Count* is entitled to the position he assumes. There is a manifest absence of that polish which high station usually gives to the tone of thought and the manner of expression. The author of *The Count* is not quite a master of grammar—to say nothing of his spelling, which, in charity, we will charge upon the printer. His composition is most slovenly,—abounding in tautologies—smothered with epithets. Nor are his ideas much more precise than his language; no meaning can be traced in many sentences, and in others, where the intent is obvious, there is a certain vulgarity of sentiment and coarseness of expression which mark one who has been either ill-born or ill-bred. For instance, we take at random a passage from the first page at which we open:—

"Well," exclaimed Georgy, "your friend had, indeed, a most miraculous escape; therefore, Louis dear, if you really must be launched forth into any of these watery and serpentine territories, which it seemeth nearly decreed, I shall certainly prepare, as a parting gift, an ornamental lamp, with its camphine spirit as a guardian angel (though, by the way, it may be apt to shew smutty vengeance if maltreated), and then hang it round your neck by way of a counter-charm against such catastrophes; though you may observe, as in this instance—'All's well that ends well,' according to your pet Shakspeare."

This is a fair average specimen of the work. One other, also taken at the very next chance opening. We assure the reader that it is *verbatim*. We mark in *italic* the instances of slovenly composition to which we have above alluded.

She, therefore, in the midst of an impromptu passage, abruptly stopped, and rising in haste, she confusedly stammered forth something like an apology for monopolising the piano so long; but supposed that she must have been beguiled into a lengthened composition by the excellence and superiority of the instrument, to that of any other she had ever touched. Though highly complimented on her exquisite skill by all, the raptures of Sir Lumley were expressed in a sort of chaotic ecstasy; and notwithstanding his *Byronic comparison with him*

self, implying any thing but a very frenzied passion for sweet sounds, Matilda heard him exclaim,

Such music
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung.

Where the primary qualifications for authorship are wanting, it is, of course, unnecessary to enter upon a consideration of the more difficult art of depicting character and framing a plot. But in neither of these essentials does the author of *The Count* make compensation for the defects we have described. We will not, therefore, do more than recommend him, before he again ventures into print, to study *Murray's Grammar*, and *Blair's Rhetoric*.

Memoirs of Marie Von Arnheim. Written by HERSELF. Translated from the Original Manuscript. London: Longman and Co.

THE title of this work led us to expect a veritable autobiography; but we had not perused the first chapter ere we came to the conclusion that it was a fiction,—a conclusion which every succeeding chapter served to confirm. We do not say this with any view to detract from the merit of the work; for it is a tale powerfully told and deeply interesting,—the sort of tale which makes one impatient of cutting the leaves, and offers a strong temptation to anticipate the events ere one arrives at them in the legitimate course. The characters are the reverse of unnatural; but they are too ideal for the matter of fact narrative. They are not, however, on this account the less adapted to interest in fiction, particularly in the style of fiction to which this work belongs. There are also slight discrepancies passed lightly by, little contrivances, the secret machinery of fiction, sufficiently marking the class of writings to which it must be assigned. The plot is simple, and the moral good,—it being the intention of the author to shew that the finest talents, the most generous natural dispositions, even when combined with an extensive intellectual cultivation, are, when uncontrolled by that just development of the *moral sense*, which can only be produced by a knowledge of, and an established faith in, the Fountain of all Justice, of themselves utterly incompetent to guide in safety a human being through the mazes of mortal life.

The Count Von Arnheim, the father of Marie, is a German noble, amiable and intellectual, immersed in the study of metaphysics, and in the worship of abstract beauty and truth, but a mere infant in knowledge of human life and human character as it really exists. His wife is the *beau ideal* of a German frau, fair and affectionate, without an idea beyond the circle of her domestic occupations, or a thought of contributing to the happiness of her family save by attending to their personal comfort. This couple have, at the commencement of the tale, three children,—Barbara, the eldest, residing at a distance with her grandparents, and Marie and Alfred, many years younger. These latter are trained in the same course of intellectual study and promiscuous literature pursued by their father. On Alfred's pure, loving, and sensitive mind it has an effect similar to that produced on the elder Count's, enveloping both in a dreamy world of beauty and love, causing them to feel evil as a grievous pain and frightful anomaly, but inspiring no wrath against it in their gentle natures; there being between them this difference, that Alfred's more sensitive temperament becomes more quickly cognisant of its own existence than his father's more abstract and ideal one. On Marie's more subtle, ardent, bolder, and more practical mind the effect was different. But circumstances were required to develop it. To all

appearance she was as they were. Her warm and generous nature, her lively temper, and large capacity of loving, rendered her a general favourite.

These two young persons had an associate in their studies in the person of Count Eugene von Ehrenstein, a ward of their father's, the son of a deceased friend, a youth possessed of genius, enthusiasm, and of uncommon ardour and vivacity of temperament. As a matter of course an attachment springs up between him and Marie, intense on his part, and though equally deep and sincere on that of Marie's, rendered less exclusive by the tender protecting affection she had ever borne to her younger brother. During a two years' absence of Eugene, and while his love has not yet been expressly declared, Barbara returns to the paternal roof; and with her entrance happiness for ever flies from the place the young people had been accustomed to designate "Paradise." We should have said that Barbara was almost too much of a fiend, had her character not been consistently drawn, and the circumstances which had tended to produce it skilfully developed. We are happy, however, for the honour of human nature, to believe that there are *very few* Barbaras. Narrow-minded, selfish, and vulgar by nature, spoilt, flattered, and indulged from infancy, Barbara, envying the superior attractions of her brother and sister, loses no opportunity of venting her spite upon them, and succeeds in depriving them of every comfort. Shortly previous to her return, another child, a lovely little daughter, had been born to the Count and Countess.

Eugene returned to be horrified at Barbara, and more than ever enamoured of Marie, to the rage and mortification of the former, who, in spite of his aversion for her, conceives a passion for him. The betrothal of Eugene and Marie is succeeded by the departure of the former to travel for some years, till the period fixed for their marriage.

In spite of the anticipation of the lovers of the probability of such an occurrence, Barbara succeeds in breaking off all communication between them, and in furnishing Eugene with a seemingly uncontested proof of Marie's inconstancy. She also renders the life of her brother and sister utterly miserable, who in vain complain to their father, and beg redress. This Marie could have borne as far as she was herself concerned; but her feelings are excited to a pitch beyond endurance at noting the effect produced upon the sensitive Alfred, whom Barbara selects as her principal victim, having observed that, through him, Marie can most surely be made to suffer. She also vents her wrath upon the little Agnes, her infant sister. The child trembles in her presence, and day by day Alfred droops and languishes. In the loving, ardent, but undisciplined heart of Marie is awakened a terrible spirit. Richly endowed with the power to love, she is utterly without the motive which bestows the power to suffer. Her mind,—

By the glare of false science betray'd,
Which leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,

she persuades herself, by a vain sophistry, that the good only can be the objects of God's care, and that to free these from the oppression of the wicked must be to do him service. She aims at acting on the theatre of domestic life the part of CHARLOTTE CORDAY. In a moment of excessive mental excitement, she administers to Barbara a poisonous drug.

But from the hour of her death she knows no peace. In vain does her brother regain his health; in vain does she obtain tidings of her lover; the shadow of her guilt darkens her whole existence. Meanwhile little Agnes dies.

Marie becomes daily more a prey to remorse, and one night is awakened from a terrible dream by Alfred.

From that hour some heavy sorrow seems to prey upon his health and spirits. Eugene returns to find his friend in a hopeless decline, and the light of his Marie's life departed for ever. Without Eugene, the family party proceed to Italy, in the hope of restoring Alfred's health. Here, in his dying hour, he obtains from Marie's own lips the confirmation of his worst fears, and she learns that she has killed the brother she sought to save.

On the eve of the day appointed for her wedding, the guilty Marie flees for ever from her home, and finally finds a refuge in Switzerland. After years of mental suffering, she dies here at last, at peace within herself, still loved and mourned by Eugene, but without having obtained the forgiveness of her father.

Such is an outline of the plot of this interesting tale. Its faults are, now and then a violation of probability in the incidents, with an occasional tendency to exaggeration in the style, and in the portraiture of character. Notwithstanding these blemishes, it is, however, a work of promise.

The Antiquary. In 2 vols. Edinburgh. Cadell. The continuation of the new and cheap series of the *Waverley Novels*, which has this great advantage over the People's Edition, that the volumes are of most convenient size and the type large enough to be read with comfort,—two important considerations in works of fiction, although in books of reference bulk and type are of no moment. Besides these advantages this new edition is adorned with beautiful engravings. Its price places it within the reach of every family.

Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. London, 1848. Chapman and Hall.

This is the first completed work in the new, uniform, and cheap edition of BULWER's works, which is issuing from the same publishers, in the same dress and at the same price, as the works of DICKENS. It was judicious to open with that one of BULWER's novels which has preserved the highest place in public estimation, although for our own part we much prefer that which has proved the least popular, namely, *The Last of the Barons*, a composition of a loftier class than any the author had previously attempted, and whose comparative failure is a problem we are unable to solve, unless it be indeed that it was *too good* for the circulating libraries. Be this as it may, *Rienzi* has continued to grow in esteem, and is almost as much in demand at the libraries now as it was when first published. In the present form it may be possessed for little more than the price at which it is to be borrowed, printed very beautifully, on the best paper, neatly put into cloth boards, and illustrated with an engraving. Besides these attractions there is a preface by the author, written specially for this edition, in which he states that his aim was to adhere to history strictly in his *facts*, and through this medium of fictitious personages to endeavour to exhibit the *causes* of those facts. The theory is ingenious, and he has not been unsuccessful in working it out.

POETRY.

King Arthur. By the Author of "The New Timon." Part I. London, 1848. Colburn. *The New Timon* at once delighted and perplexed the literary world. It was manifestly the production of no common mind, and conjectures were rife as to its authorship, the general verdict awarding it to Sir E. BULWER, chiefly from some resemblances in the turn of thought. The paternity was, however, strictly denied, almost as soon as the charge was

brought. But we must confess still to entertain some lingering doubts whether, after all, the literary baronet had not more to do with it than he is willing to avow; and that suspicion is strengthened by the perusal of a new poem from the same pen, entitled *King Arthur*, which bears upon its front a more remarkable likeness to the manner and mode of thought of BULWER even than did its predecessor. How a writer of so much ability has contrived to preserve his incognito so long we are unable to conceive, for there is perhaps nothing so difficult as to conceal the authorship of a book. Nor can any motive be discovered for using a mask in this instance, for the composition is that of which any man might be justly proud; and although sometimes severe and satirical, it is never unjustly so, and never assails individuals for other than that which is public property—their public conduct.

King Arthur is a sort of half-serious half-comic romance, applying the myth of the round table to the events and persons of our own times. The author indulges his vein without regard to *vraisemblance*—passes from the grave to the gay, from earnestness to joke, from lofty strains of true poetry to the lightest banter, just as the mood takes him, and often with the evident purpose of creating a surprise. He has freely availed himself of supernatural agencies, has put into graceful rhymes the most charming legends related of his hero, and thus produced a succession of scenes which alternately excite tears and smiles, admiration and laughter, and keep the attention upon the stretch.

The opening scene is a feast in the Vale of Carduel. King Arthur is introduced with a very picturesque description, and after an interview with Merlin, the wizard is sent upon a sort of knight-errant's mission, accompanied by one Launcelot of the Lake as his faithful squire. Thus the poem opens:—

Our land's first legends, love and knightly deeds,
And wonderous Merlin, and his wandering King,
The triple labour, and the glorious meeds
Won from the world of Fable-land, I sing;
Go forth, O Song, amidst the banks of old,
And glide translucent o'er the sands of gold.
Now is the time when, after sparkling showers,
Her starry wreaths the virgin jasmine weaves;
Now lure the bee, wild thyme, and sunny hours;
And light wings rustle thro' the glutting leaves;
Music in every bough; on mead and lawn
May lifts her fragrant altars to the dawn.

Now life, with every moment, seems to start
In air, in wave, on earth;—above, below;
And o'er her new-born children, Nature's heart
Heaves with the gladness mothers only know.
O poet times the month of poets shone—
May deck'd the world, and Arthur fill'd the throne.
Hard by a stream, amidst a pleasant vale
King Arthur held his careless holiday:—
The stream was blithe with many a silken sail,
The vale with many a proud pavilion gay;
While Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold,
Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold."

He reaches the Court of the Vandals, and is introduced to the King, and the sketch is palpably a bit at LOUIS PHILIPPE and GUIZOT—a singularly happy one, seeing that it was probably written before recent events had given to them so unenviable a notoriety.

A distant kinsman, Ludovick his name,
Reign'd in their stead, a king of sage repute;
Not that in youth he sow'd the seeds of fame:
When tree he planted, what he ask'd was—fruit.
War storm'd the state, and civil discord rent,
He shunn'd the tempest till its wrath was spent.
Safe in serener lands he pass'd his prime;
But mused not vainly on the strife afar:
Return'd he watch'd—the husbandman of time—
The second harvest of rebellious war;
Cajoled the Edelings, fix'd the fickle Gau,
And to the Leute promised equal law.

The moment came, disorder split the realm;
Too stern the ruler, or too feebly stern;
The supple kinsman slide to the helm,
And trimm'd the rudder with a dexterous turn;
A turn so dexterous, that it served to fling
Both overboard—the people and the king.

The captain's post repaid the pilot's task,
He seized the ship as he had cleared the prow;
Drop we the metaphor as he the mask:
And, while his gaping Vandals wondered how,
Behold the patriot to the despot grown,
Flieh'd from the fight, and juggled to the throne!

And bland in words was wily Ludovick!
Much did he promise, nought did he fulfil;
The trickster Fortune loves the hands that trick,
And smiled approving on her conjuror's skill!
The promised freedom vanished in a tax,
And bays, turn'd briars, scourged bewildered backs.

* * * * *

A portly presence had the realm-deceiver;
An eye urbane, a people-catching smile,
A brow, of webs the everlasting weaver,
Where jovial frankness mask'd the serious guile;
Each word, well-aim'd, he feathered with a jest,
And, unsuspected, shot into the breast.

Gaily he welcomed Arthur to the feast,
And press'd the goblet, which unties the tongue;
As the bowl circled so his speech increased,
And chose such flatteries as seduce the young;
Seeming in each kind question more to blend
The fondling father with the anxious friend.

If frank the prince, esteem him not the less;
The soul of knighthood loves the truth of man;
The boons he sought 'twas needful to suppress,
Not mark the seeker; so the prince began—
"Fair sir and king, from Mel Yny's I came,
Gwent-land my birth-place, Arthur is my name.

"Three days ago, in Carduel's halls a king,
Now, over land and sea, a pilgrim knight;
I seek such fame as gallant deeds can bring,
And take from danger what denies delight;
Lore from experience, thought from toil to gain,
And learn as man how best as king to reign."

The Vandal smiled, and praised the high design;
Then, careless, questioned of the Cymrian land:
"Was earth propitious to the corn and vine?
Was the sun genial?—were the breezes bland?
Did gold and gem the mountain mines conceal?"
"Our soil bears manhood, and our mountains steel,"

Answered the Briton; and where these are found,
All plains yield harvests, and all mines the gold."
Next ask'd the Vandal, "What might be the bound
Of Cymri's realm, and what its strongest hold?"
"Its bound where might without a wrong can gain;
It holds a people that abhors the chain!"

The Vandal mused, and thought the answers shrewd,
But little suited to the listeners by;
So turn'd the subject, nor again renewed
Sharp questions blunted by such bold reply.

* * * * *

Yet, mid'st his marvel, much the Cymrian sees
For king to imitate and sage to praise;
Splendour and thrift in nicely poised degrees,
Caution that guards, and promptness that dismays,
The mild demeanour that excludes not awe,
And patient purpose steadfast as a law.

On his part, Arthur in such estimation
Did the host hold, that he proposed to take
A father's charge of his forsaken nation.
"He loved not meddling, but for Arthur's sake,
Would leave his own, his guest's affairs to mind."
An offer Arthur thankfully declined.

Much grieved the Vandal "that he just had given
His last unwedded daughter to a Frank,
But still he had a wifeless son, thank Heaven!
Not yet provision'd as beseech'd his rank,
And one of Arthur's sisters—" Uther's son
Smiled, and replied—"Sir king, I have but one,"

"Borne by my mother to her former lord:
Not young,"—Alack! youth cannot last like
riches."

"Not fair,"—Then youth is less to be deplored."
"A witch,"—All women till they're wed are
witches!
Wived to my son, the witch will soon be steady!"
"Wived to your son?—she is a wife already!"

O baseless dreams of man! The king stood mute!

That son, of all his house the favourite flower,

How had he sought to force it into fruit,

And graft the slip upon a lusty dower!

And this sole sister of a king so rich,

A wife already!—Saints consume the witch!

With brow deject, the mournful Vandal took
Occasion prompt to leave his royal guest,
And sought a friend who served him, as a book
Read in our illness, in our health dismiser;
For seldom did the Vandal condescend
To that poor drudge which monarchs call a friend!

And yet Astutio was a man of worth
Before the brain had reasoned out the heart;
But now he learned to look upon the earth
As peddling hucksters look upon the mart;
Took souls for wares, and conscience for a till;
And damn'd his fame to serve his master's will.

Much lore he had in men, and states, and things,
And kept his memory mapp'd in prim precision,
With histories, laws, and pedigrees of kings,
And moral saws, which ran through each division,
All neatly colour'd with appropriate hue—
The histories black, the morals heavenly blue!

But state-craft, mainly, was his pride and boast;
"The golden medium" was his guiding star,
Which means "move on until you're uppermost,"
And then things can't be better than they are!"
Brief, in two rules he summ'd the ends of man—
"Keep all you have, and try for all you can!"

Arthur escapes from the snares laid for him by the Vandal King and his Minister of the *Juste Milieu*, and, having passed some perils by the way, sleeps in the forest; the description is very pretty:—

For, all unconscious of the double foe,
Paused Arthur, where his resting-place the dove
Seem'd to select,—his couch a mound below;
A bowering beech his canopy above:
From his worn steed the barbed mail released,
And left it reinless to his herbage-feast.

Then from his brow the mighty helm unbraided,
And from his breast the hauberk's heavy load;
On the tree's trunk the trophyed arms he placed,
And, ere to rest the weary limbs bestow'd,
Thrice sign'd the cross the fiends of night to scare,
And guarded helpless sleep with potent prayer.

Then on the moss-grown couch he laid him down,
Fearless of night and hopeful for the morn.
On Sleep's soft lap the head without a crown
Forgot the gilded trouble it had worn;
Slumbered the king—the browsing charger stray'd—
The dove, unsleeping, watch'd amidst the shade.

Arthur falls in love with a fair lady named Ægle, and the love passages are among the most beautiful portions of the book. As a specimen of his loftier style, we take this charming picture of

THE LOVERS.

We turn once more to Ægle and her guest,
Lo! the sweet valley in the flush of eve!
Lo! side by side, where through the rose-arcade,
Steals the love-star, the hero and the maid,

Silent they gaze into each other's eyes,
Stirring the inmost soul's unquiet sleep;
So pierce soft star-beams blending wave and skies,
Some holy fountain trembling to its deep!
Bright to each eye each human heart is bare,
And scarce a thought to start an angel there!

Love to the soul, whate'er the harsh may say,
Is as the hallowing Naiad to the well—
The linking life between the forms of clay
And those ambrosia nurtures; from its spell
Fly earth's rank fog, and Thought's ennobled flow
Shines with the shape that glides in light below.

Taste while ye may, O Beautiful, the brief
Fruit, life but once wins from the Beautiful;
Ripe to the sun it blushes from the leaf,
Hear not the blast that rises while ye cull;
Brief thought it be, how few in after hours
Can say, "at least the Beautiful was ours!"

Two loves (and both divine and pure) there are;
One by the roof-tree takes his root for ever,
Nor tempests rend, nor changeful seasons mar—
It clings the stronger for the storm's endeavour;
Beneath its shade the wayworn find their rest,
And in its boughs the calm bird builds its nest.

But one more frail (in that more prized, perchance),
Bends its rich blossoms over lonely streams
In the untrdden ways of wild Romance,
On earth's far confines, like the Tree of Dreams,
Few find the path, O bliss! O woe to find!
What bliss the blossom!—ah! what woe the wind!

On the short spring!—the eternal winter!—All
Branch,—stem all shattered; fragile as the bloom!
Yet this the love that charms us to recall;
Life's golden holiday before the tomb;

Yea! this the love which age again lives o'er,

And bears the loud heart-beating youth once more!

Before them, at the distance, oe'r the blue
Of the sweet waves which girt the rosy isle,
Flitted light shapes the inwoven alleys thro':
Remotely mellowed, musical the while,
Floated the hum of voices, and the sweet
Lutes chimed with timbrels to dim-glancing feet.

The calm swan rested on the breathless glass
Of dreamy waters, and the snow-white steer
Near the opposing margin, motionless,
Stood, knee-deep, gazing wistful on its clear
And life-like shadow, shimmering deep and fair,
Where on the lucid darkness fell the star.

And when, at last, from Ægle's lips, the voice
Came soft as murmur'd hymns at closing day,
The sweet sound seem'd the sweet air to rejoice—
To give the sole charm wanting,—to convey
The crowning music to the Musical;
As with the soul of love infusing all.

Now, as night gently deepens round them, while
Oft to the moon upturn their happy eyes—
Still, hand in hand, they range the lulled isle,
Air knows no breeze, scarce sighing to their sighs.
No bird of night shrieks bode from drowsy trees,
Nought lives between them and the Pleiades;

Save where the moth strains to the moon its wing,

Deeming the Reachless near;—the prophet race

Of the cold stars forsworn'd them not; the Ring

Of great Orion, who for the embrace

Of Morn's sweet Maid had died, look'd calm above

The last unconscious hours of human love.

The reader may guess at the result of this first love affair by the closing passage of the book, of which, however, three or four parts are promised in continuation.

Then, as she felt his tears upon her hand,
Earth call'd her back; o'er her face she bow'd;
As when the silver gates of heaven expand,
And on the earth descends the melting cloud,
So sunk the spirit from sublimer air,
And all the woman rush'd on her despair.

"To lose thee—oh, to lose thee! To live on

And see the sun—not thee! Will the sun shine,

Will the birds sing, flowers bloom, when thou art

gone?

Desolate, desolate! Thy right hand in mine,

Swear, by the past, thou wilt return!—Oh, say,

Say it again!"—voiced died in sobs away!

Mute look'd the Augur, with his deathful eyes,

On the last anguish of their lock'd embrace.

"Priest," cried the lover, "canst thou deem this

prize

Lost to my future?—No, tho' round the place

You Alps took life, with all your rites obey

Of demon legions, Love would force the way.

"Hear me, adored one!" On the silent ear

The promise fell, and o'er the unconscious frame

Wound the protecting arm.—"Since neither fear

Of the great Powers thou dost blaspheming name,

Nor the soft impulse native in man's heart

Restrains thee, doom'd one—hasten to depart.

"Come, in thy treason merciful at least,

Come, while those eyes by Sleep the Pityer bound,

See not thy shadow pass from earth!"—The priest

Spoke—and now call'd the infant handmaids round;

But o'er that form with arms that vainly cling,

And words that idly comfort, kneels the King.

"Nay, nay, look up i' It is these arms that fold ;—

I still am here;—this hand, these tears are mine."

Then, when they sought to loose her from his hold,

He waved them back with fierce jealous sign;

O'er her husb'd breath his listening ear he bow'd,

And the awed children round him wept aloud.

But when the soul broke faint from its eclipse,

And his own name came, shaping life's first sigh,

His very heart seem'd breaking in the lips

Press'd to those faithful ones; then, trembling,

He rose;—he moved;—he paused;—his nerveless

hand

Veil'd the dread agony of man unmann'd.

Thus, from the chamber, as an infant meek

The priest's weak arm led forth the mighty King;

In vain wide air came fresh upon his cheek,

Passive he went in his great sorrowing;

Hate, the mute guide,—the waves of death, the

goal;—

So, following Hermes, glides to Styx a soul.

All who read this will look with interest for the next Part, and curiosity will be more excited than ever to learn the name of the writer who thus shuns his fame as sedulously as others seek it.

Nimrod; a Dramatic Poem, in Five Acts.

London, 1848. Pickering.

A WORK, which though considerably beyond the average in point of ability, and containing some good ideas, and some touching scenes, will yet, we could venture to assert, never be read through, save by a reviewer. The development of the plot is tedious, the dialogue generally too metaphysical and didactic, and the style often somewhat bald and prosaic. In the conversations of the ministering spirits, and the Angel RAPHAEL, there is also something which jars upon our feelings. There are some subjects so purely *ideal*, that in the process of clothing them with the *reality* of words, their essential beauty seems to evaporate. Even MILTON's descriptions of the counsels and motives of the Unseen, sublime as they are, are yet less sublime than the inexpressed and *inexpressible* idea. With the feelings of human beings in any given situation, even although nothing analogous may ever have been experienced by ourselves, or, indeed, have ever hitherto happened, we can sympathise, because we can understand them. The feelings of another order of beings are also, in a certain sense, conceivable, as, in our *spiritual* nature, we also are of their kindred; but our language partaking of the imperfection of our *material* nature, is necessarily, upon a purely spiritual theme, vague and indeterminate, and, consequently, unfit to express the details of an existence of which *sense* takes no cognisance.

The lesson intended to be taught is the superiority of the happiness to be obtained by faith, and its attendant, love, over the fancied bliss, but real misery, of a life crowned only with wealth, power, and sensual pleasure; and also over the cold and joyless indifference produced by the miscalled *philosophy*; not that philosophy "Musical as is APOLLO's lute," but the egotistical pride and stoical assumption of independence and superiority which has usurped the name. The corrupting tendency and fearful consequences of absolute power, are also attempted to be shewn, and not without success. As a favourable specimen of the author's mind, we give the following extract, which will also serve to illustrate our remark upon his style:—

Nahmah.—I could dwell
For ever peaceful 'mong these cottages;
But I'd ne'er seek the city;—tis a crowd
Where stronger trample weaker men for room.
Oh! why should men thus cluster like the bees
Who toll unceasing, whilst the honey oft
Abaddona.—What is't thou hearest?

Nahmah.—I hear a gathering sound
Like that within the womb of Ararat,
Ere the ground shakes and opens, swallowing up
Ares of crashing forests;—ere there pours
Red lava, gushing from the gaping rocks;—
Ere the vast snow-drift slips, moans, thunders down.

Abaddona.—That were sublime, but this mere mischief.

See—
'Tis the rush of men infuriate—men made beasts,
In flames each cottage crackles 'mid the screams
Of dying inmates' agony. Now here
In bold despair, a father and his sons
Stand 'gainst o'erwhelming odds, till, beaten down,
They lie at least upon some victims made;

Death sweetened still by vengeance. What see'st more?

Nahmah.—The shrieking mother pierced by the same spear

That first transfixed her infant. 'Tis the dream
Of madness: Rather let me feel than see
Such horrors!

Abaddona.—Look again!
Nahmah.—The maiden seized,
Struggling with that red savage, who has fallen
Her lover to the dust. With mighty bound
Of love despairing—strong 'gainst death itself—
The lover springs up, pulls the savage down,
And thinks the maiden saved. In vain; more swarm;

Thrust through the back, he falls;—she is borne off;—

*He hears her scream, then dies. Bid me be blind
Ere see such sight.*

*Abdonna.— Thou see'st but war and glory,
See now their further fruit.*

*Nahmah.— The city burns;
And screams from every side now pierce the ear.
How can I live, thus hearing, seeing all?*

*Abdonna.— The dread confusion makes it bearable;
For vastness dulls the sense, and sympathy
Sinks into wide, vague horror. Now the sun
(For, mid these agonies, the night hath passed,)
In red veil hiding from the mustering clouds
These smoky ruins send, slow labours up,
Yet makes all manifest. What see'st thou now?*

*Nahmah.— The town a smoking cinder—nothing more.
Consuming fire conceals worse outrage there;
Yet all the fields are strown with corpses too!
That door, at which the mother with her babes
Waited to bless the father's glad return,
Is heaped with father, mother, babes—all corpses!
The bower which saw the maiden timid plight
Her troth to bolder love, now sees Hate's grin
By Death for ever fixed! What fiend here makes
A Hell in Paradise?*

This is an accurate, but scarcely a very poetical, description.

The Cemetery. A Poem.

An appeal against intramural burial, couched in elegant and often forcible language, and with some sparks of true poetry scattered in every page. The poet compares with the city burial-grounds, reeking with corruption,

THE COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

Turn hence, where death no persecution knows,
Where dissolution's aspect is repose.
Where sleep the rustic congregation, laid
Around the holy walls where late they pray'd—
Here households gathered to their fathers sleep,
Like one tree's windfalls, swept upon one heap.
The yew-tree, solemn genius of the ground,
O'er moss-grown slabs that stoop in rev'rence round,
Her dark primeval tabernacle spreads,
As o'er some stone-turned group of prayerful heads.
Nor other profanation knows the site,
Than, chance at eve, some vagrant wether's bite,
Who through the crazy turnstile forcing room,
A fresher fodder pilfer from the tomb.
The verdant elm with hoary turrets blent
Sweeps at each breeze th'embosomed battlement.
The jackdaw on the vane's unsettled crest,
Securely cradles in the well-known nest.
Whilst birch and ash their plumes demurely wave,
Like lovely wantons sober'd by the grave.

This is his concluding appeal, as truthful as it is eloquent. May he be successful in helping the progress of this great question of health and decency.

Let then the artist with the statesman join,
To mould the die of grief, and mint the coin.
Are there no names, the elegantly wise,
The scheme to trace, the limits to devise?
Could Britain find trustees of all the arts,
Where o'er the Thames a new St. Stephen's starts?
Assigned such trust her cemeteries too,
Th' unnoted many as th' historic few.

Each precept positive too simple seems,
And still my pen with prohibitions teems.
Yet let two points be polar to thine eye,
One sacredness, and one simplicity.
Let chastity keep pure, devotion warm—
That clothe the essence, this inspire the form.

But banish far th' economist's pretence,
The licensed sacrifice which shocks the sense;
Yield the first curse its way—the kindred frame
In dissolution let the dust reclaim.
Pile here no bone-fed crucible, where lime
Prevents the gentler alchemy of time;
For here the ore whose dross shall yet be purged,
Expecting incorruption, lies submerged;
The metal lurks, which, starting from the mine,
Reramped with God's own image yet shall shine.
The glebe so dress'd, for man's sake doom'd at first,
Shall for thy sacrilege be doubly curs'd.
That dust, revered, shall holier crops employ,
And "they who sow in tears shall reap in joy,"
—A moral harvest of no earthly sheaf,
As piety is ripened out of grief.

But here her weeds let pensive Nature wear,
In sable cypress wrap the white tomb's glare;
Bid ivied sorrows weep from ev'ry wall,
And sunbeams melt to twilight as they fall.
Let on grey stones the wild Virginian vine,
Like graces bright'ning on a death-bed, shine;

Hue by hue rip'ning, loveliest at the last—
A wreath of glory over ruin cast.
Let plumy pine with cedar blend, and yew,
To tuft the walk and fringe the avenue:
And let their full-length foliage dimly mourn,
Like sacred locks of Nazarite, unshorn.
Or let the aisle-roof'd alley of the elm,
Shut from the pensive eye the azure realm;
There may the choristers of heaven rejoice;
And in the bird's light wing and lighter voice,
Relenting sorrow may unlearn the sigh,
And sweeten with a pray'r the breeze that wanders by.
Perchance, in erring maze enticed to crawl,
Some rivulet may linger to its fall;
Thence, where the thickets knit their arching brows,
Glide murmurless away beneath the boughs;
Then tranquil op'ning in a fountain play,
With upward drops aspiring to the ray.
Is there one spirit pent in earthly cell,
Who would not read that river's parable?
Here set the warrior's, here the statesman's name,
The wise and good, the sentinels of fame.
Here let them gather round their urns the throng—
All whom the deathless deed bequeaths to song,
All o'er whose dust the living hold their breath—
To commune with the soul that slumbereth.
Names floating on the tide of hero lay,
Shall yield the bard a tributary bay.
There, while earth's homage waits upon their mound,
Greatness, a pilgrim as to holy ground,
In lustre of their light his humbler stone,
Whose song hath made their triumphs seem his own,
May point thee where, beneath more famous heaps,
The minister of glory mutely sleeps,
And as ye say, "a son of song lies here,"
Make with the smile a rainbow for the tear.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review, for March, opens with an energetic article on "The Alleged Illiteracy of Dissenters," which the writer not only indignantly denies, but asserts that the very reverse is the fact, and that in no section of the Christian world is there a more literary taste or loftier intellectual acquirements than among the Dissenters. If the Eclectic Review be a test, there is some justice in this, for certainly no sect can boast a more able and eloquent literary and critical organ. An elaborate review of LAMARTINE'S *History of the Girondists* will be read with eager interest now that its author has himself become the hero of a revolution. But in itself it is one of the most attractive books our age has produced, and its own merits entitle it to perusal, apart from the peculiar claims upon the attention at this moment. The critic reviews the work with care and candour, and presents a very succinct and graphic sketch of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. The political article of the month is on "the Democratic and Aristocratic Succession to Property," treating at great length, and very calmly, of the much debated question as to the Descent of Landed Property and the Law of Primogeniture. Dr. CHALMERS'S Posthumous Works, RICHARDSON'S "Travels in the Sahara," and "Lady Willoughby's Diary," are among the other subjects treated of in this number.

The Gentleman's Magazine, for March, besides its usual antiquarian matter, introduces an elaborate article on the "Diary and Correspondence of Dr. JOHN WORTHINGTON." Among the original papers of most moment are some "Manuscript Collections for Histories of the Counties of Ireland," by JOHN D'ALTON, Esq. There is an engraved view of a monument erected in Halifax Church to the Bishop of ST. DAVID'S.

Dolman's Magazine, for March, preserves its Roman Catholic character, without losing its attractions for the general reader. Among the papers addressed to the latter are "the Adventures of a Schoolboy," "the Mixed Marriage," "an Apology for Pleasant Wine," "The Spirit of Christian Art," and such-like minglings of tale and essay, which make it very pleasant reading.

The National Cyclopædia, Part XIV. advances from the word *Castanospermum* to *Cheiromys*. The articles continue to be as full of sound learning

as ever, and as profusely illustrated with woodcuts.

Knight's Farmer's Library and Cyclopædia of Rural Affairs, Part XII. continues the subject of the "Sheep," describing elaborately all the various breeds, of each of which there are faithful and spirited drawings.

The Land we Live in, Part VIII. is devoted to Oxford, of which there is an exquisite steel engraving, besides a multitude of woodcuts. All the sights of the seat of learning are described minutely, so that it is a handbook for the visitor as well as a very agreeable and instructive reading for those who have not, equally as for those who have, seen it.

Half-hours with the best Authors, Part IX. London: Knight. — We have already more than once recommended this delightful publication to the notice of our readers. It is by far the best selection of the beauties of literature we have ever seen;—the range of choice is more extensive, and more judgment displayed in the gathering. It purports to present half-an-hour's useful reading for every day in the year. One day's portion in each week is given to an extract from a religious writer, another to poetry; the rest consists of passages from various authors, English and foreign—the latter being well translated. This part, for instance, contains portions from the works of TASSO, AUDUBON, ROBERT HALL, D'AUBIGNE, BOLINGBROKE, BURTON, WORDSWORTH, SCROPE, WARTON, D'ISRAELI, LONG, TENNYSON, STEELE, HARE, DEFOE, SOUTHEY, B. ST. LEGER, SWIFT, COBBETT, and DANTE.

RELIGION.

An Attempt to show that Claudia mentioned in St. Paul's second epistle to Timothy, was a British Princess. By JOHN WILLIAMS, A.M. Archdeacon of Cardigan. Llandover, 1848. Rees.

We must confess that it seems to us a very unimportant matter whether Claudia was a British Princess or a Roman slave, and we cannot, therefore sympathize with Mr. WILLIAMS in his ingenious effort to prove that the Claudia of the poet MARTIAL was the Claudia of the Apostle, of whom we have this solitary notice, "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia, and all the brethren."

2 Timothy, c. iv. v. 21.

MARITAL's mention of Claudia is in these terms. In the 13th epigram of the 4th book he says,

O Rufus, my friend Pudens marries the foreigner Claudia.

In the 54th epigram of the 4th book, he again alludes to her and her birth-place, thus:—

Seeing Claudia Rufina has sprung from the azure Britons,
How comes she to have the feelings of a Laban maid?
What grace and beauty! With the daughters of Italy she
may pass.

As a Roman, with those of Attica as an Athenian matron.

The links of evidence by which Mr. WILLIAMS connects the Claudia of the epigrammatist with one Claudia, a British Princess, of whom some records are preserved, and with the Claudia of the Apostle, we cannot attempt to trace here, but we recommend those to whom the question may be more interesting than to us to seek them in the pamphlet which displays as much learning as ingenuity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Wells, including Biographical Notices of the Bishops, &c. By JOHN BRITTEN, F.S.A. London. Rivingtons.

The recent renovations of this magnificent structure have renewed the public interest in its history, and will give to this volume by the prescriptive chronicler of ecclesiastical buildings, Mr. BRITTEN, a wider circle of readers than it would otherwise have commanded. It is a neat and portable volume, as unlike a book of antiquities as possible, and may be consulted with advantage by the student of architecture, or the inquirer into church history, of which it presents a valuable chapter. It is a reprint from the author's famous *Cathedral Antiquities*.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger; or, an Excursion through Ireland in 1844-45, for the purpose of personally investigating the Condition of the Poor. By ASENATH NICHOLSON. New York, Baker and Scribner.*

THIS very clumsy and elaborate title to the volume before us gives the full statement of the case. Here is a woman of strong sense; of no little worldly wisdom as regards perceptions of character and readiness of tact: of enlarged religion and self-sacrificing benevolence, who has been quietly doing that which our legislators, our political economists, our patriots,—in short, what all who have the well-being of country, or the interests of humanity, at heart, ought to have been up and doing before her—that is, inspecting the real condition of a people who are casting themselves in legions upon our shores. A nation, which must hereafter form a most powerful admixture in the blood of our country; whose numeric power is already frightfully felt in modifying our elections, is at least deserving of a passing study. We hear the Irish branded daily as idle and filthy; we see all the great avenues to the hard exercise of bone and muscle filled to overflowing by these “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” in our great and growing republic; we see them swelling the ranks of our excited and frightful mobs; and finally, they order our bedrooms, cook our food, and drive our carriages—are with us when we lie down and when we rise up—at the ballot-box, the church, and the fireside, yet no one has investigated truly and closely the associations to which they lived prior to coming hither, except this woman—who, with the patience of a woman and the courage of a man, has travelled the entire length and breadth of the island, that she might, as she says, visit those who, in caves and dens of the earth, “were forgotten of their neighbours.”

Truth to say, this unique volume is not a work of literary pretension; the author seems to have been one of those beings of fervent piety, about whom it has been the will of the good God to loosen earthly ties; and she has taken up the pilgrim’s staff in the true missionary spirit to do good as best she can. The reader who hopes to find descriptions of “round towers,” of castles and cathedrals, stirring legends, or dainty fairy tales, will find himself disappointed; but, once let him reconcile himself to the idea of a woman, whom the Irish everywhere pronounced as “light on the fut,” a “comely body,” “beautiful discoursing,” and “a lady, plain to be seen,” but “gone astray in her mind,” “crazed, the crater,” “cracked, indade, in the brain,” “lost the sinse she has, or she wouldn’t come and eat praters with poor bodies,” let him once cast himself *in medias res* into this state of things, and he will find a most readable book, filled with amusing incident, in a lively off-hand style, without cant or prejudice; and yet giving a better notion of the true Irish character, the Paddy as he is, than in any score of travels yet written; and if he does not laugh at the suppressed humour of the writer, the suppressed fastidiousness, and suppressed womanhood, all breaking out so whimsically and naturally, he has little genuine heartlessness about him; and, more than this, he is but half human if he do not sometimes find his eyes run over at the fervent “God say you,” the “good God bless ye kindly,” of these simple, affectionate, and buoyant people, when found amid their own bogs, and alive with the miseries, yet blessed with the associations of home and country. The author had her full share of trials in every shape, and when rudely interrogated as to her motive in visiting Ireland, being suspected of “Jesuitism” of “democratic intermeddling and radicalism,” she makes the following spirited reply, which shews that the lady of nearly half a century, as she describes herself, has yet the material for much exertion and usefulness left. I replied, she says:—

I came to Ireland because I had a right to come; that they were daily sending loads of haggard and abused emigrants to us; and I came to see how and what they could be at home.

* From the *American Literary World*.

To do this, she travelled almost entirely on foot, walking distances of ten and twenty miles, sleeping in smoky cabins; eating potatoes, rejecting meats, tea, and coffee; talking, sympathising, and reading to the people; and everywhere meeting in return the most affecting gratitude, expressions of tenderness, offers of aid and protection of the most beautiful and primitive kind. Indeed, one would be apt to suppose when we find a woman whom the Irish declared “comely,” “young in the face,” “light in the fut,” travelling alone, often late into the night, on foot, unharmed and unmolested, one would be apt to think this people had degenerated little since the days of Brian Boru, when he sent a young and beautiful virgin to travel over the island, with a crown and golden sceptre, and she passed on safely, as did the poetic Una, with her snow-white lamb.

Critics might find passages at which to carp—the over-fastidious might revolt at scenes which this brave woman encountered unflinchingly; but, for ourselves, we look at the heart of the book, at the spirit of the author, and the positive tangible knowledge to be derived therefrom of the Irishman as he is, and the book just as it is, the best it could be in its kind, for it is what the writer meant it should be—an exponent of the Irish, not a work of art; we read with interest, and hope others will be disposed to do the same, for the sake of getting at the knowledge it contains. The following is a graphic description of her first appearance in Kilkenny.

We reached our destination, and alighting from the kish, I was told, for the honour of the spot, that here, some two hundred years ago, lived a noble lord who had twenty noble sons. With these he daily rode out, with each an attendant, on twenty noble horses, all shod with silver shoes. I was desired to stay outside till the way should be prepared for my reception. In a moment I was ushered in as a “fine gal he had found in Kilkenny.” The family were sitting at their supper of potatoes and buttermilk, around a naked deal table, upon which the potatoes were poured. The widow, two grown-up sons, and a grandson, constituted the group; and when I was seated, all for a moment were silent. “This is Mary’s mistress,” said my companion. Simultaneously every potatoe was dropped, all rose, and with a kind of unaffected dignity reached me the hand, saying, “Welcome to our cabin!” They then sat down, and all was silent again. “We’ve been long waitin’ for he,” said the mother, “and was in dread that he might be lost; but ye must be wary and in want of the tay.” I assured her that a potatoe would be a greater relish. “Ye can’t ate the potatoe,” said she, the sons joining in the assertion, till by actual experiment, I soon convinced them to the contrary. The reader should be informed that the daughter of this widow had, in three years’ service at my house, sent home 40*l.*, which had not only kept her mother in tea and bread, but had given them all the “blessed tobacco” besides. “She had been home,” the old woman told me, “on a visit, and made such an overturnin’ in the cabin that they had like to be destroyed; not a hap’orth of a pig, duck, or hen could take its bite in the place; not straw could be left upon the floor in the mornin’; and now,” she added, “we will all be kilt if ye have not a clane bed and a nice bit to ate.” To do her justice, her place was cleanly, although two comely pigs that were fattening for the fair, and a goodly number of turkeys and ducks, took their repast in the cabin on the remains of the supper.

My bedstead was behind the cupboard, in the kitchen, meeting the wall on one side and the cupboard on the other, with a little aperture at the head for an entrance. This was the widow’s bed-room, and here, upon a soft feather-bed, I was put; but the sheet, the sheet,—a married daughter had taken her clothes to wash, and she must put me in one she had used herself. She was greatly troubled. Giving her all the comfort in my power on the subject, she bade me good night; and though I would not wish the reader ever to be packed in feathers in such a narrow box in a hot August night, yet I am not unwilling that he should know that my first night in a cabin, with all its concomitants, was a sleepless one, and one which can never be forgotten. The dawning of light found the good woman stealthily peeping around the cupboard, and with a shake of the head, I heard her whisper, “Ah! she didn’t lie down in her bed, the cratur.” She crept to the hearth, made her peat fire, swept every vestige of dirt from the earthen floor, and sat down to smoke. Her sons soon joined her, each in his turn taking a “blast at the pipe,” and then walked slowly out, “for,” said the mother,

“she’s wary, and a fat of ye mustn’t be movin’.” That day was a memorable one. In this parish lived a young married girl who had been a servant in my house in New York; she had returned and was living a mile distant; she had been aroused at midnight by the man who conducted me to the parish, and early the next morning she was at the door. Anne was young, handsome, and tidy, and had been a great favourite in my house. I was a little concealed when she entered, and did not recognise her till she fell on my neck and wept. “Ah! and it’s ye that may bawl, when yer two eyes meet the one that took you a slip, and made ye the thirstiest woman for the man that owns ye in all the parish.” Anne spoke not, nor could she for some time. “And do I see you? And what can we do for you in this humble place? John is waiting to see you, but would not come with me, till I had seen you first.” “Ah! And John’s the lad that’s caught the clane bird.” “What shall we do for you?” was again the question. “You cannot stay in our cabins; they are not fitting; you must come with me; I know best what you want, and will get what you say.” The whole parish was now in a stir, work was suspended, and a general levee held. They talked of building bonfires; they talked of uniting and buying a sheep to kill, though not one had eaten a dianer of flesh since Christmas. The grey-headed and the little child were there to welcome me, to thank me for “thinkin’ of the like of such poor bodies;” and from some miles around visitors called before the setting of the sun to look at the American stranger, and bid her God speed. “What will she ate, the cratur? It’s not the potatoe that raised her.” Two children begged the honour of going seven miles in quest of fruit, and went. Night and rain overtook them, yet they persevered, slept away through the night, and cheerfully returned the next day with two pears and a spoonful of blackberries, which was all they could procure. All went away sorrowful that “so nice a body should be so trated,” and all asked me to visit their cabins, “though they were not fittin’ for such a lady.” The next morning Anne again called to invite me to her house, and to say she had been sent by a few in the parish to invite me to attend a field dance which was to be on the next day, and the Sabbath. In surprise I was about to answer, when Anne said, “I knew you would not, and told them so, but they begged I would say that they had no other day, as all were at work, and sure God wouldn’t be hard upon ‘em, when they had no other tim’, and could do nothing else for the stranger.” I thanked them heartily for their kind feelings, and declined. Judge my confusion, when about sunset on Sabbath evening, just after returning from Johnstown, where I had attended church, the cabin door opened, and a crowd of all ages walked in, decently attired for the day, and without the usual welcome or any apology, the hero who first introduced me seated himself at my side, took out his flute, and wet his fingers, saying, “This is for you, Mrs. N. and what will you have?” A company were arranged for the dance, and so confounded was I that my only answer was, “I cannot tell.” He struck up an Irish air, and the dance began. I had nothing to say, taken by surprise as I was: my only strength was to sit still.

This dance finished, the eldest son of my hostess advanced, made a low bow, and invited me to lead the next dance. I looked on his glossy black slippers, his blue stockings snugly fitted up to the knee, his corduroys above them, his blue coat and brass buttons, and had no reason to hope that, at my age of nearly half a century, I could ever expect another like offer. However, I was not urged to accept it. Improper as it might appear, it was done as a civility, which, as a guest in his mother’s house and a stranger, he thought, and all thought (as I was afterwards told) he owed me. The cabin was too small to contain the threescore and ten who had assembled, and with one simultaneous movement, without speaking, all rushed out, bearing me along, and placed me on a cart before the door, the player at my right hand; and then a dance began, which, to say nothing of the day, was to me of no ordinary kind. Not a laugh—not a loud word was heard; no affected airs, which the young are prone to assume, but as soberly as though they were in a funeral procession, they danced for an hour, wholly for my amusement and for my welcome. Then each approached, gave me the hand, bade me God speed, leaped over the stile, and in stillness walked away. It was a true and hearty Irish welcome, in which the aged as well as the young participated. A matron of sixty, of the Protestant faith, was holding by the hand a grandchild of seven years, and standing by the cart where I stood, and she asked when they retired if I did not enjoy it. “What are these wonderful people?” was my reply. I had never seen the like.

The beautiful customs of the peasantry find an appreciating observer in our author, who often throws off comments of much suggestiveness, if not of grace.

The custom of the peasantry, in this part, at least, of the country, has been to assemble in hundreds, and reap down a harvest, or dig a farmer's potatoes, taking their musicians with them, who play through the day to amuse the labourers, and escort them home at night. This they never do but for those whom they respect, and the generous farmer who has fed and paid his labourers well, is sure to meet with a return of this kind. Women will go out and bind sheaves, rake, and toss hay, pick up potatoes, &c.; and the sight to a stranger is not only novel, but pleasing. The ambition manifested to accomplish much, and to do it well, is often beyond that of a paid labourer, and the hilarity over their dinner and supper of potatoes and butter, and "sup of milk," is to a generous mind a pleasant sight; for, drunk or sober, rich or poor, it is the Irishman's character to remember a kindness, and to do what he can to repay it. We passed this interesting company, listening to their music till it died away in the distance; and though I knew they were going home to lie down in floorless cabins, with no prospect of better days, yet for the moment I saw more to envy than to pity; for these people are so happy with little, and make so much from nothing, that you often find them enjoying when others would be repining."

Travelling in Tipperary, she found herself without lodgings, hungry, and fatigued, every cabin was full, and she seated herself under the side of a wall, utterly unable to proceed.

At length the old man, seconded by his wife, said, "Come in, come in, and sit in the kitchen; ye can't stay here; we are sorry we can't do better; we had hoped that some of our lodgers would have gone before ye come, for we wanted ye here." I followed them into their floorless kitchen. Sitting by a comfortable turf fire, I became drowsy; the two kind Irishmen were sitting in the room, and supposing me to be asleep, one said, "Poor thing! she must feel queer in a strange country alone. I wonder how her people would treat a stranger in her situation—would they treat her tenderly?" "Aw! to be sure they would," answered his friend: "The Americans have always shewed great love for the Irish." "To be sure they have," answered the woman of the house. Thinking it time to awake, I inquired the time; it was late, and I had not been told that a lodging could be provided; and rising from my chair, I said, "I must seek some place to stop for the night." "And that ye won't," responded the woman, "we will do what we can." And her husband, with much decision, said, "Ye can't and shan't go." The question was thus settled, and a daughter was sent out to get a bed from a neighbour's, which she brought in upon her back, and adjusted upon chairs; and after a repast of some potatoes and salt, without knife or fork, I lay down in the kitchen in a clean bed, and not a being in all Ireland slept more sweetly than I, with my body-guard wrapped in her cloak on the floor at my side.

Hospitality of this kind was everywhere abundant, the poor giving of their poverty, often with a delicacy of sacrifice worthy of a better fate. We believe it to be a fact, that as a people, the Irish are the last to fall into dotage through age. She says:—

Among the crowds that returned from early mass was an old woman of one hundred, quite sprightly, and who never fails of being every morning early sitting on the gallery steps; and as passengers go in, they drop a little into her hand. I found many old people in this town, as well as in all towns I had visited in Ireland; and not in any case had I found one who had lost his faculties.

After reading the following, one will hesitate in making the charge of wanton idleness or laziness as an Irish characteristic.

I met many interesting characters through the morning; and whether labourer or beggar, most of them were smoking, and none of them in a fretful mood. I talked a little with all, and scarcely spoke to one who did not drop something in my ear worth recalling. It is noticeable in all the peasantry of Ireland, that whether the idea be new or old which they advance, it will be given in such a novel dress, and in so unexpected a manner, that something new and often something beautiful, will be suggested to the mind. On my return to my lodgings I saw a company of men assembled in the square, and supposed something new had gathered them; but draw-

ing near I found it was a collection of poor country-men from distant parts, who had come hoping on the morrow to find a little work. Each had his spade, and all were standing in a waiting posture, in silence, hungry and weary; for many, I was told, had walked fifteen or twenty miles without eating, nor did they expect to eat that day. Sixpence a day was all they could get, and they could not afford food on the Sabbath, when they could not work. Their dress and their desponding looks told too well the tale of their sufferings. When I had passed them, looking about, one was near me, walking slowly, picking a few shreds carelessly in his fingers, his countenance such a finished picture of despair as said, "It is done; I can do no more." I three times halted, and paused to speak to him, but could not give utterance; as soon as I met his countenance, hunger, wife, children, and despair were so visible, that I turned away, and could only say, "Good God! have mercy on poor Ireland."

When I reached my lodgings, the landlord remarked, that every week the poor creatures are coming in from the country, and often they stay two days without eating, watching and hoping a chance may come; and sleep where they can, and then most of them go away without getting any work,—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl."

Here is a whimsical account of some of her experience in the way of lodging:—

My lodgings should not pass entirely unnoticed. In all lodging-houses I had found that a single room was an extra privilege scarcely to be expected; and often the man, woman, and children would be fixed in the same apartment, with one or two transient lodgers, as the case might be. This is not so in hotels. In this house the apartments looked tidy; and I was shown to a chamber where were two curtained beds; one of these I was to occupy. Before retiring, the woman said, "I shall sleep down stairs, the child is sick, and nobody will be in your room but John." "Who is John?" I asked. "My old man," was the reply. "Your old man! Be assured, madam, I shall be your company down here then." "That you don't; you shall have a good bed, and room where you can rest." The matter was settled by telling her in plain English I would not go into the chamber. As a penance, I was put into a confined room, with her mother and sick boy across the foot of my bed, bolstered and tucked against the wall, so that there was no danger of falling out or off. The poor old mother was dying with the asthma, keeping up almost a continual coughing; her unearthly breathing so frightened me, fearing she was in death-agony, I kept calling, "Woman, woman!" (for I did not know her name.) When she was coughing, she could not sleep; and when she slept, I could not awake her. Nothing but the cough could do it. Thus two doleful nights I kept my eyes wakening, not conscious that I slept at all; the third night I slept a little from downright necessity. But complaining was out of the question; there was an empty bed, and the wife seemed glad to punish me for casting contempt on as good and as quiet a man as there was in all Galway.

She visits the far-famed Blarney stone.

Now came Blarney, the celebrated Blarney, where many a name is carved; where lords and ladies, peasants and beggars, have strolled and sat. Here was the seat pointed to me, where Mrs. Hall, the writer on Ireland, rested; and the old priest suggested the inspiration I might receive by sitting there on the same stone, by the same stone summer-house. The whole is a romantic spot; a hermit's cell of stone, where he slept—his kitchen where he cooked, and the grave where he is buried, were all shown us. The rocking-stone on which Prince Desmond was crowned some centuries gone by; ancient trees, seats of moss-covered stone of the richest green water, laurels and ivies, green lawns spread out, made it a place of the most pleasing interest. It belongs to the family of Jeffreys. Lady Jeffreys has improved it much. She passed us while we were admiring, and told our guide to show us all that it contained. The grand castle containing the Blarney-stone is a great curiosity, standing as it does on an awful high rock, overlooking the river far below it, deep, and winding in its way among trees and thick grass. To me it was frightful to look out from a loop-hole, and see the river below, and to climb to the top to kiss the Blarney stone, stretching my neck out of the window over the dizzy steep, would have been madness, though I was told many a silly boy and girl had done it.

In conclusion, we would say, read the book, for the sake of its Irish pictures, and for the sake of

the true, earnest, though the world will believe, eccentric, woman who wrote it.

The Mystical Presence. By the Rev. JOHN W. NEVIN, D.D. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott and Co.*

OUR LORD JESUS, standing upon that point of time intermediate between the downfall of the elaborate Jewish ritual, and the establishment of a more internal and spiritual Church in his own name, still turned his eyes reverently and tenderly upon what was passing away, as having fulfilled its mission. He spoke of the goodly adoring of the Temple, affluent with votive gifts, and felt "how beautiful are thy gates, O Zion, the joy of the whole earth;" and he wept over the city of Kings and Prophets in the pathetic words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, now is your house left unto you desolate!" That which had been prefigured by bloodshed and by sacrifice, by ablation and offering, was to be concentrated and accomplished in his own person—the type was to give place to the great reality of moral sacrifice; a perpetual redemption to be achieved through his divine offering of himself; and from henceforth there should be no atonement made through the sacrifice of mute and senseless life, but through the blood of one fashioned like ourselves, yet blameless before God. Knowing all this, he foresaw how slowly not only the Jew, but the universal human mind, would receive the simplicity and spirituality of the new doctrine. He neither despised nor rejected the past, but taught expressly that the new was based upon the old, grew out of it—but that the old, with all its prefiguring forms, was consummated in his own person, by his miraculous birth—his obedience, his sanctity, his b'od shed, and finally life and immortality, so faintly revealed in the old testimony, resting upon the authority of presumption, the Lord God having declared himself the head of Israel, this life and immortality was to be *brought to light* by his resurrection. Knowing all this, preaching as he did the higher abstractions of religion, think you one who knew so thoroughly "what was in man," would have left the great sentiment of worship to its poor chances of continuance when divested of all external form? No, this has been one of the great errors into which too many sects have fallen; a disregard to that tendency of the human mind to throw its conceptions into harmonious arrangement. It delights instinctively in form—order is not only Heaven's first law, but we have the reflex of it upon earth, and the stately temple, with its long solemn aisles and cathedral hymns, is but the language of its *constructive reverence*; then comes the priestly robe, as indicating the veiled man before his God, the closed eye and bent knee, the intuitive language of one receding into those depths of the soul nearest the Infinite. Surely JESUS knew that these things would be, although his words were few in regard to them. Yet the simple narrative of the Disciples present the images of this universal natural language, when they say, "and JESUS stretched forth his hands and lifted up his eyes, and rejoiced in spirit." He was content to leave these matters to the natural action of human faculties, while he preached the great doctrine of universal good. Having commissioned his Apostles to go preaching the Gospel to every creature, he charged them to take neither staves nor scrip for their journey, knowing that those who received the doctrine would provide a way for the messenger. Having preached of justice, and benevolence, and brotherhood, he paid a tribute unto CÆSAR, as the authority for the time being, knowing that these truths, wrought into universal acceptance, must finally work out human emancipation; and, ultimately, as he approached the last hour of agony, that death, when his meek lips should be able to say of the past, "it is finished," he would not leave them without some token by which all the future should be linked to his own divine person,

And mystic wine poured forth, and lowly bread,
Earth's best and common gifts around him spread.
ECCÉ HOMO,
and he sat down with his followers upon the night

* From the *Literary World*.

of the Jewish Passover, and brake bread, and poured out wine, saying, "this is my body, this is my blood, partake ye all," "do this in remembrance of me." Simple and beautiful, and adapted to all times, the universal rite—without burden, without pomp, yet sublime from its simplicity, impressive from its appositeness, and suggestive of the best needs of man.

We have said this much, because we see in the whole mission of our Lord the universal in contradistinction to that which is partial and accidental; because we see that, as the human mind is diverse as the human race, men will differ in their views of the points of Christianity; and while the existence of sects and the multiplication of dogmas all go to attest the existence of the thing amongst us, and the struggles after the true, we must only beseech all to live up to the light that is in them, and use forbearance one towards another. Had the blessed Saviour told how we were to receive the signs of his body and blood, there would have been an end to the matter; but as he left the form only with the affectionate injunction, "do this in remembrance of me," we are to recognise the rite, and search ourselves into the mysteries of the spirit as to how we are to receive.

And here is the point. We are appointed to a course of life whose results are to be purity, charity, benevolence—in other words, the full action of the sentiment of love to man: by partaking of the Lord's Supper, we give not only an evidence of our obedience, but of our faith in his great mission. Further than this we can have nothing clearly. It is a part of that order and obedience in which the mind delights, just in proportion as its action is harmonious and aspiring, to conform to the ritual, and, like the too questioning disciple, we should say, when at a loss to know in what way we become partakers of the body and blood of the Lord Jesus, "I believe, help thou mine unbelief," and be silent.

The author of the volume before us has laboured long and learnedly to place the point of reception in what he conceives to be the true light; but, while labouring to overthrow the errors of so many conflicting views, he forgets that the very multiplicity of aspect is proof not of the accuracy of either his or another's, but the universality of import in the thing itself. It is to be decided in the spirit of the obedient believer, and being of the spirit is to be spiritually discerned. The testimony of Faith is obedience, the results of which are to rest in the soul as a portion of its serene trust and high tendency. We cannot tell the how—we cannot reveal the mystery, or if we could, it would cease to be such. If we reject what we cannot comprehend, we shall be at perpetual war with ourselves even, and the mysteries beyond would plunge us into madness if dwelt upon with the hope to solve or reject. We must recognise mysteries; the finite cannot hold the infinite, and therefore it should meekly wait,—wait till the greater truth be revealed. If there were no mystery our immortality would be a thing uncared for—our moral well-being would cease to provoke our interest, and the best uses of our present state would be lost to us. Let us bless God, that as yet we cannot "look within the veil," only as our Faith stretches beyond the present, and searches within the external.

There is much force, and often beauty, in our author's language, in view of his subject. Take the following from the preface, in which he is advertising to the beauty of *form*.

Outward social worship, which implies, of course, forms for the purpose, is to be regarded as something essential to piety itself. A religion without externals must ever be fantastic and false. The simple utterance of religious feeling, by which the spirit takes outward form, is needed, not for something beyond itself, but for the perfection of the feeling itself. Forms, in this sense, not as sundered from inward life, of course, but as embracing it, enter as a constituent element into the very life of Christianity. As a real, human, historical constitution in the world, the outward and inward in the Church can never be divorced, without peril to all that is most precious in the Christian faith. We have no right to set the inward in opposition to the outward, the spiritual in opposition to the corporeal, in religion.

The incarnation of the Son of God, as it is the principle, forms also the true measure and test of all sound Christianity, in this view. To be *real*, the human, as such, and of course the divine also in human form, must ever externalise its inward life. All thought, all feeling, every spiritual state, must take body (in the way of word, or outward form of some sort) in order to come at all to any true perfection in itself.

Our work will not admit of an elaborate outline of the views of Dr. NEVIN, which have been, we are told, adopted by many of the German churches, and may be supposed to be those of the Dutch Reformed Churches in this country. We are glad to see a work of the kind, as leading people to think closely and reverently upon the subject, though uniformity of opinion is out of the question. The progress of the church is identified with human progress, and with all the conflicting dogmas evolved by the Reformation, not the least remarkable is the identification of the popular party with those sects whose views may be classed as Puritanic; that is, as rejecting elaborate ceremonial, and insisting upon a separation between church and state. It is this portion of thinkers more than all others that have brought the middling interests into importance, and which are raising the down-trodden of earth to look up from their debasement and recognise the divinity within them. The unflinching abstractions and massive grasp of thought of these Puritanic thinkers, may have reduced truth sometimes to a savage nakedness, yet it was the truth which they sought, whether existing in religion or legislation. They despised form over-much it may be, for that must be a large race who for any length of time can wrestle in the midnight with the angels of thought, and we of a poorer age need the repose which is to be found in ritual.

Again, our author says:—

Christianity is not religion in the first place, with something added to it to make it Christianity; but as religion itself, it is at the same time in its inmost ground, this particular form of religion, exclusively complete in its own nature, and different in all its parts, by the *spirit* which pervades the whole, from every other religion. As thus individual and general at once, it claims to be the absolute truth itself; not a religion simply, as one among many, but the one, universal, all perfect religion of humanity in its widest sense. Essential and specific here flow together, and cannot be kept asunder.

What shall we say? Is not the worship, the response to the spiritual in the savage, Religion? Why reject the universal sentiment altogether? Surely the strugglings and graspings of poor be-nighted humanity in search for the hidden, the true, the Unknown God, as the eloquent Greek inscribed upon his temple, is Religion, though its ceremonies may be uncouth, and its perceptions low and incomplete.

Why not lay hold of this great fact in the human mind, and recognise it, as the diamond, encased in the rust and impediments of the mine, is still a diamond, waiting but for the light and care which shall present the full effulgence of the gem. Our figure is a mean one—the mind benumbed, latent, yet seeks onward, holding fast to that which is within its grasp; and, though the savage may seek in the Natural for images of the spiritual, still he holds thereto, and he worships as he best knows how. St. PAUL did not rail at Jupiter and Neptune, and Diana and Venus, whose altars were on every side, but he pointed to the temple inscribed to the Unknown God, and cried, "whom ye ignorantly worship, Him reveal I unto you." So every form, and offering, and prayer of the undeveloped mind, is an oblation to God, even to the Unknown God, and is religion, preparing the way for the higher and truer.

DECORATIVE ART.

DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

The duties consequent upon the new arrangements relative to the publication of THE CRITIC, and the absorption of the public mind in the extraordinary events of the last three weeks, have, of course, prevented any thing

further being done in this matter. It must wait a more leisure moment to revive its claims upon the public attention.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

MR. THOMAS COOKE, the eminent composer, died a few days since at his residence.—Two performances upon a grand scale are announced to take place in the Town Hall, Birmingham, in Easter week, for the purpose of erecting a testimonial to the eminent composer, Mendelssohn.—The *Revue Musicale* states that letters from Spain announce that a singer of the theatre at Cadiz was found dead in his box after the performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, in which he had received much applause. In his left side was found a small wound. It is supposed that he was assassinated out of revenge; but up to the departure of the courier there had been no traces discovered of the murderer.—The first concert of the season by the pupils of the Royal Academy took place on Saturday, the 4th of March, in presence of a large audience. The programme disappointed greatly—not including a single piece from the pen of any member of the institution.—M. Thalberg is again in England, and has adopted Exeter Hall for his pianoforte displays. There is much complaint of sameness in the selections he gives—but the genius and talent of the performer remain unabated.—An advertisement informs the public that Mr. Surman meditates founding a new choral association, to be called "The London Sacred Harmonic Society."

THOMAS COOKE, ESQ.

Abridged from the Literary Gazette.

THIS eminent musical composer died at about half-past two o'clock on Saturday, the 26th ult. cordially and generally esteemed, and sincerely and deeply regretted. His natural and his acquired qualities equally entitled him to affection as a man, and to esteem and admiration as a companion and professor of a delightful science. In all these relations of life his entire course was marked by precocious talent, honourable exertion, liberality towards his fellow labourers, agreeable manners, a ready wit, and kindness of disposition which could not be exhausted. His biography requires but a brief sketch at our hands. He was an associate whom we loved to meet, and whose loss we much lament: and we care not to dwell on the particulars of his life. But as interesting to the public at large, and the profession he adorned, and especially to his numerous friends, we offer the following sketch.

He was the son of a musical professor and performer on the hautboy at the Royal Academy of Music, and thus his infancy was familiar with sweet sounds. The effects were soon evident. Born in Dublin, on the 19th of July, 1781, he evinced in his very infancy a genius for music, and at seven years of age played a concerto on the violin before a public audience, in a style of precision which astonished his hearers. The celebrated Giordani,* then resident in Dublin, succeeded his father as his instructor, and boy efforts in composition followed the child efforts in performance. And so extraordinary was his success, that at the age of fifteen he was leader of the band at the Theatre Royal of his native city!! In this employment he composed several pieces which were very popular, and whilst his friends fancied him fixed to the line of life in which he was flourishing so much, they were surprised by the erratic advertisement that he intended to appear on the stage in the singing character of the Seraskier in the *Siege of Belgrade*. He accordingly made his *début* for his own benefit before a brilliant house, and so played and sung the part, that he was at once ranked in the class of first-rate vocalists. He afterwards performed several times in Dublin, with increasing reputation. Whilst only

* Giordani was the partner of Leon in the Chapel-street Theatre, Dublin, but the concern did not succeed, and he fell back on teaching with great success. He was the author of several good Italian operas, viz. *Artusere*, *Antigone*, and *Il Bacio*; and also *Perseverance*, an English opera, in 1789.

a youth, he also accompanied the matchless Cata-
lani in a tour through Ireland, and it is no mean
compliment to record that she was charmed with
his varied and extraordinary talents.

That they should find their way to London
might be anticipated. In 1813 he made his first
appearance at the English Opera House, now the
Lyceum, and, as the *Seraskier* aforesaid, made a
decided hit, and became immediately a public
favourite. This he continued to be in the same
theatre during several seasons, in which he not
only supported leading characters with *éclat*, but
composed a number of successful operas and other
pieces of music. He was next engaged at the
larger establishment of Drury Lane, where he filled,
to the entire satisfaction of all parties, private,
dramatic, and public, the various situations of
vocalist, director of the musical department, com-
poser, and leader of the orchestra. So unpre-
dicted a combination, and one which exhibited
such an extent and versatility of endowment, is
hardly within parallel (we do not irreverently name
Handel † as another example, whose years of fame
almost coincided), and his value to the theatre
must have been commensurate with this super-
abundance of ready and available talent. Opera
after opera flowed from his pen, and the works of
foreign composers were adapted by him, and pro-
duced under his auspices, with similar an almost
unvarying success. At length he retired from the
stage, and confined himself to the offices of musical
director, leader, and composer.

Henceforward his career was one of continued
and deserved good fortune. Courted by the best
society, and enjoying an ever-renewed celebrity by the
production of most popular music, his life was surely
an example of great human contentment and happiness;
and not the less so from the harmony of his own nature, to which we have already paid our just
tribute. The Philharmonic Society, the Catch
Club, the Melodists, and other musical associations
were but so many scenes for his triumphs. His
Glees obtained prizes, his Duets and Ballads carried
off similar honours. Of the Philharmonic concerts
he was not only one of the leaders for many years,
but a conductor on many occasions, being the only
instance of an English artiste filling both situations.
In 1846 he was appointed leader of the concerts of
ancient music, and was repeatedly engaged in the
same capacity for the great musical festivals through-
out the country.

Mr. Cooke was also a member of her Majesty's
private band. On one occasion he played nine
solos on different instruments for his benefit.

Early in life he married Miss Howells, an ac-
complished actress at Covent Garden Theatre, by
whom he had a family. Of these a daughter, the
present Miss Cooke, is an eminent and successful
teacher of music; and one of the sons, Mr. Grattan
Cooke, is well known to the public as the admirable
player on the oboe. Mr. Cooke's second wife was
Miss Smith, a daughter of Mr. Smith, whose
"Song of the Wolf," and others of a like nature,
must be well remembered by all who were conve-
rstant with theatrical representations some years ago.
A happy union of sixteen or eighteen years has left
this amiable lady a mourning widow; and it ought
to be told in this memoir that her tender and affectionate care of her husband by night and day, during
his long illness, was most devoted and exemplary.
Her sister, once our famed columbine, is the wife of Mr. Mountain, the son of the sweet and celebrated songstress, near whose tomb, in Kensal-green, Mr. Cooke, in his latest hours, expressed
his desire to be buried.

Had it not been so, his professional brethren
proposed that he should be buried in the cloisters of
Westminster Abbey, and a memorial erected to
record their sense of his talent and genius. Pre-
vented in this respect, we trust that the same sense
of his merits will induce them and his other friends
to raise a suitable monument to his memory in the
Cemetery at Kensal-green.

† We, of course, cannot mean to institute any comparison with the immortal composer of *The Messiah*, and *Samsom*, but simply to notice the resemblance of both musicians, in point of time, being remarkable for instrumental skill at the age of seven years, and writing operas at the age of fifteen.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY of the
DAY.—PALLADIUM, late Hall of Rome, Great
Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Madame BENARD, original
TABLEAUX VIVANS and POSES PLASTIQUES.
LADY GODIVA on a LIVING HORSE, and the Death of Lucretia,
having been received with the most rapturous applause.
Madame Benard begs to state that the above splendid representation
will be repeated every Morning and Evening.
Morning performance at 3; Evening at 8. Stalls, 3s.;
Reserved Seats, 2s.; Pit, 1s.

THE TWO OPERAS.—Both the Opera Houses are open, and we are happy to say with promise of a successful season to both. Her Majesty's Theatre was first in the field, but, as usual, before Easter, without the presence of the stars who are promised in the programme. Almost all are new faces. GARDONI alone is a familiar favourite, and he appeared to great advantage in *Ernani*,—his sprightly manner and handsome face combining with his rich voice and artistic execution, to secure for him a hearty welcome. His only fault is a little too much consciousness of his good looks, which gives to him an air of coxcombry at times that mars his otherwise judicious acting. The new Prima Donna, CAVUCELLI, is certainly an acquisition to the vocal drama. In person she is pleasing, almost pretty; her face fair, and her figure good. Her voice is clear and musical: she has been well taught, and has not spared study. She does not much indulge in *capriccios*; she has the good taste to prefer the music of the master to any interpolations of her own invention. As an actress she is superior to most of her rivals; indeed, with the exception of JENNY LIND, we know of none who so heartily throws herself into the part she is playing, and expresses so much genuine feeling. She has also a great deal of that simplicity of manner which constitutes the charm of the Swedish nightingale. She is, we believe, very young, and a more promising first appearance has been seldom made upon the boards of the Queen's Theatre. The orchestra, conducted by MR. BALFE, would be perfect but for one fault; it is a trifle too loud, sometimes almost drowning the voices; this, however, is the vice of VERDI's instrumentation, and perhaps is unavoidable by the performers. The Ballet introduces ROSATI and MARIE TAGLIONI in some of their most popular *pas*, and to these attractions it adds some very beautiful scenery, and much exquisite grouping of young ladies, with gauze scarves, which they combined in all kinds of graceful figures—a most acceptable substitute for the dull pantomime with which ballets used to be occupied.

The Italian Opera at COVENT GARDEN commenced its season on Thursday last with the opera of *Tancredi*, and the attraction of ALBONI in a character for which it was anticipated that she was peculiarly qualified. But whether she was ill or out of spirits we know not, but certain it is that she did not exhibit her wonted powers. Her voice seemed to have lost its strength and tone; her expression was without its vigour; even the encouraging acclamations of the crowded audience could not stimulate her energies. When we say that even "Di tanti palpiti" did not produce an encore, the disappointment will be understood. But we trust it was an accidental weakness, the result of physical causes, and that with improved health we shall enjoy again the magnificent ALBONI of last year. PERSIANI, on the contrary, was in more than her usual strength. Her voice was as brilliant as in its best days, and as thoroughly under command. She shewed herself a great artist, using with judgment one of the most flexible organs ever heard from the stage. She played the part of *Amenarde* with truthfulness and energy, throwing her whole soul into it, and aiding her wonderful tones with the looks and emotions of passion. The new tenor is Signor MEI, whose voice is rich, but of limited compass. POLONINI was with us during the last season, and he has sustained the reputation he then earned by manifest improvement during the interval of his absence. The *mise en scène* was admirable, dresses and decorations in good taste, and the scenery a work of art. The orchestra is perfect, well balanced, well disciplined. The ballet called *Le Reine des Feux-Follets* introduced FLORA FABBRI, who was very heartily welcomed, and who charmed as much as ever.

It is got up with much care as respects scenery, dress, and groupings, and gives promise, we hope, that in this department the Opera House at Covent Garden is about to place itself more on a par with its rival than it was able to do last year. The music of this ballet was particularly good.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—*The Wife's Secret* is enjoying the popularity we anticipated for it. Night

after night it draws crowded houses, and always sends away a delighted audience. Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN are not the only attractions of this drama; it is in itself an exciting and interesting story, rivets the attention, excites the sympathies, and is full of incident and situation. Then it is admirably acted by all, but especially by Mr. and Mrs. KEAN and Mr. WEBSTER. Mrs. C. KEAN is magnificent, and Mr. WEBSTER exhibits that power of impersonation in which, we think, he excels every living actor,—we mean the power of transforming himself into the character he is assuming—so that for the time he is the person, and does not merely act it.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MACREADY and MRS. BUTLER are combining their powers upon this stage, and so irresistible an attraction is the conjunction of the two greatest actors of our time, that it is necessary to make early application in order to secure places. So often have we had occasion to notice the characteristics of the performances of each, that we really can find nothing new to say of them. It is enough to state that they are to be seen upon the same stage, to induce all the lovers of the drama to visit them. MACREADY is about to depart for America, and such a treat may never again offer.

SURREY THEATRE.—A new interlude, called *A Bachelor's Vow*, was produced at this theatre last week, for the purpose of introducing Mrs. F. PHILLIPS, a lady announced in the bills as late of the Brighton and Southampton Theatres, but who, we may say, is better known in the metropolis as the introducer, about two years since, of a series of musical lectures on the superstitions and antiquities of Ireland, which at the time obtained considerable popularity. On that occasion we felt bound to report favourably of Mrs. PHILLIPS's talent; her delineation of Irish character, and happy execution of the comic and plaintive ballads by which her lectures were illustrated, being of a superior character, and well calculated to secure for her the approbation of a discerning audience. The piece in which this lady made her *début* last week as an actress is not devoid of merit, the dialogue being smart and effective, which, as a vehicle for the display of Mrs. PHILLIPS's peculiar talent, was as appropriate as it proved to be acceptable to the public. In speaking of Mrs. PHILLIPS as an actress, it would be impossible, with justice, to do so in terms short of an unqualified approbation. To a highly prepossessing personal appearance may be added a finished and perfectly natural style, an exuberance of animal spirits, and a keen appreciation of the lights and shades of character. These requisites for good acting the lady certainly enjoys in a pre-eminent degree, and while we emphatically pronounce her a great acquisition to the metropolitan stage, we may safely aver that we know of no lady so well qualified to fill the void occasioned by the death and retirement of those public favourites, Mrs. HONEY, and Mrs. WAYLETT. *A Bachelor's Vow* has been repeated half-a-dozen times since its introduction, and Mrs. PHILLIPS's reputation as an actress and vocalist has been confirmed by the fact of her songs being nightly encored, and herself summoned before the curtain. Mr. J. W. HAMMOND commenced an engagement on Tuesday, appearing in *The Bill Sticker*, and *Othello According to Act of Parliament*. He was warmly received by a tolerably numerous audience, who appreciated greatly to relish his quaint impersonations.

ADELPHI.—Some old favourites have been revived here, and a new one is convulsing the audience with laughter. It has the taking title of *The National Defences*, wherein WRIGHT enacts the part of a sort of militia-man, and plays antics which make the gravest smile.

FRENCH PLAYS.—At St. James's Theatre there is a succession of novelties. The last was an original comedy, called *Une Imprudence*; but somehow it wanted the attractions of those which have been imported from Paris. It struck us as being more Frenchified than French.

THE OLYMPIC.—MR. BROOKE continues to draw crowds of admirers, and to deserve them. His *Richard the Third* is a fine performance—a little too noisy, perhaps, but manifesting great power and energy, with some original readings. His *Shylock* is a decided improvement of the impersonations of this character with which the age is too familiar.

THE WALHALLA.—Madame WARTON continues to attract a large room full of persons twice a day to witness her beautiful groups, of which the present greatest attraction is herself as *Lady Godiva*. This reads like something very indecent, but, strange to say, it does not appear so to the spectator.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

"DEERE CHILDE."

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN.

[In THE CRITIC, No. VIII. Vol. I. N.S. a paper, which Mr. MONCKTON MILNES contributed to *The Keepsake* for 1845, is extracted. Mr. MILNES, in the article alluded to, says, "I saw one (an epitaph) the other day in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey which might bring tears into any eye. There was the name and the date, and under it, "Deere Childe"—no more. It is a fact no less singular than true, that in the romantic churchyard of Dolgelly, in Merionethshire, is a little grave, with a rude stone at its head, which seems never to have borne any other inscription than the two touchingly affecting words "DEERE CHILDE." This humble memorial of the Departed gave the idea of the following lines.]

The bright-eyed pansies bloom above thy grave,
The green corn whispers near;
The rustling leaves, on every zephyr, wave
Over thy simple bier.
The glad birds from each clustering branch's lair
Carol their wood-notes wild;
And wake, upon the echoes of the air,
A Dirge for thee—**DEERE CHILDE!**
Down, down into the cold and silent earth
Thy pulseless form they laid—
They, thy poor Sire, and she who gave thee birth;
They—and no word was said.
Yet, o'er the furrowed cheeks of both who late,
Blessed by thy presence, smiled.
Coursed the big drops of anguish that stern Fate
Had snatched thee thence—**DEERE CHILDE!**
And there thou stood, beside the lowly mound,
Thy House, by Day or Night;
They watched thy coffin lowered in the ground
Till it was hid from sight:
They waited still, not all the rites were done,
The earth is not up-piled,
Nor hath been planted yet the humble stone
That spake thy tomb—**DEERE CHILDE!**
"Tis done. Now, Sorow, let thy load have sway;
Weep, weep, poor Mourners, weep;
In voiceless communing with Heaven, pray
At your Child's House of Sleep!
Your prayers ascend unto that Holy One,
Compassionate and mild;
Whose Angel-Messengers denies to none
Consoling balm—**DEERE CHILDE!**
The Spring-calm o'er that grave, unmarked, doth pass;
And Summer's golden prime;
And Autumn prints its footstamps o'er its grass,
And hourly Hyemertime.
Yet, unefaced by Saturn's dusky wings,
And graced by flowerets wild,
Fond hearts may view, 'mid perishable things
Those simple words—**DEERE CHILDE.**
No sculptured effigy, no marble urn,
No boarish epitaph,
No proud sarcophagus is there, to turn
To awe the scorner's laugh.
Read ye the golden characters of pride
Wherewith their Dead are styled;
And gase ye on this little tomb beside,
And read ye there—**DEERE CHILDE.**
A thousand, aye! and yet a thousand times
More priceless is that stone
Than all the vain, enigmatic rhymes
O'er him who filled a throne!—
Though but two simple and unsounding words
Oblivion hath beguiled,
Yet language no such touching spell affords
Than lies in them—**DEERE CHILDE!**

NECROLOGY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE THOMAS CADDICK, ESQ. OF TEWKESBURY.

BY extraordinary and successful exertions, and with the strictest honour and integrity, this gentleman acquired a considerable fortune in trade; and afterwards devoted the best energies of an active mind to the constant performance of deeds of charity and usefulness. His whole career was most exemplary, and although his benevolence was universal, yet were his efforts so strenuously exerted in promoting the interests and comforts of the inhabitants of the town in which he resided, that he quite as deservedly earned for himself the appellation of the "Man of Tewkesbury," as did the celebrated John Kyre, in the last century, that of the "Man of Ross."

Mr. Kyre appears to have effected his "boundless charity" with 500*l.* a year, but Mr. Caddick's means were more ample, insomuch as his annual income might fairly be estimated at upwards of 1,100*l.* When he retired from trade he abandoned all intentions of increasing his wealth, and as his housekeeping and personal expenses rarely exceeded a third part of his income, he constantly gave away between 700*l.* and 800*l.* a year.

In addition to this large amount periodically dispensed in acts of charity, on one occasion he distributed in the course of a few months upwards of 5,000*l.* and this he bestowed in a most judicious and

praiseworthy manner among private individuals and public institutions. It may therefore be asserted that during the last twenty-five years of his life he benefited the community to the extent of 20,000*l.*; and all the while exhibited in his mode of living a laudable example of economy, though without ever once evincing the least shadow of parsimony.

If such an instance of genuine and discriminating philanthropy is of rare occurrence, it certainly ought to be recorded, not merely as a just tribute of respect to the memory of departed excellence, but as affording incitement and encouragement to others to "go and do likewise."

Thomas Caddick, the subject of this memoir, was the son of a respectable Staffordshire farmer, and born at Clymangor, between Walsall and Lichfield, on the 18th of February, 1763. After receiving such an education as was at that period considered sufficient for a youth in his station, he was apprenticed in Birmingham; from thence he went to London, and was for five years an assistant in a wholesale drug warehouse at the bottom of Snow-hill, and subsequently for one year in a large tea establishment in the City. He was exceedingly diligent in endeavouring to obtain a perfect knowledge of trade during his abode in the metropolis, and his Sundays were chiefly spent in a regular attendance at such of the various churches and chapels as might afford him an opportunity of hearing the most eminent clergymen of the day, on one of which occasions he appears to have first imbibed serious and decided notions on the subject of religion.

In the latter part of 1789 he established himself in Tewkesbury as a druggist, tea-dealer, and grocer, and remained in the same house, near the bottom of High-street, until his retirement from trade. He was the first person who ever settled in the borough as a druggist, for before his time the surgeons and apothecaries were the sole vendors of medicine, and having no rival for many years, he had an advantage which few other shopkeepers have since enjoyed.

He continued in business for thirty years, during which time he was absent from his counter only one market-day, the occasion of which was the funeral of his father; and so extraordinary was his assiduity and care, that in the whole time he did not lose 20*l.* by bad debts, though his average yearly receipts exceeded 5,000*l.* It is also remarkable, and is highly creditable to his talents and perseverance, that the amount of his sales and profits steadily increased every succeeding year; so that his receipts for the twelve months preceding his retirement considerably exceeded 6,000*l.* His chief aim and boast was to keep a constant supply of the best articles which could be procured, and treat his customers with the utmost civility and attention; but he never sought to obtain patronage by unworthy means, neither did he profess to undersell his neighbours, and nothing had a greater tendency to ruffle his usual equanimity than for persons to require an abatement in his charges.

After Mr. Caddick retired from business, in 1820, his time was almost wholly devoted to the public service. To him may be attributed, in a great degree, the present unrivalled condition of the turnpike roads in the neighbourhood, and to his exertions are pedestrians mainly indebted for the commodious footpaths in all directions around the town.

When the bridge over the old branch of the Avon, on the Worcester road, was raised and widened, in 1837, he applied himself so closely to the task of superintending the important improvement, that he thereby materially injured his eyesight and general health. On the completion of the work (which was undertaken at his suggestion) it was felt to be a fitting occasion for expressing the grateful estimation in which he was generally held, and accordingly an elegant silver tea equipage was presented to him by the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, as a testimony of respect for his public and private worth.

Punctuality in performing engagements was one of the most remarkable features in his conduct; for, whether his steps were directed to a place of worship—public or private meetings, or in pursuit of recreation or pleasure, he was invariably in his place before the stated period of assembling.

It were in vain to attempt a recital of Mr. Caddick's numerous acts of charity, as many of them are known only to the immediate recipients of his bounty. They were often bestowed with a princely munificence, and generally with much cheerfulness of manner, accompanied with a pleasing expression of thankfulness that Providence had blessed him with "enough to spare."

The following instances of his munificence have somewhat recently occurred:

In 1844 he gave a donation of 2,000*l.* to the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he had

always been a steady supporter. He was one of the founders of the Tewkesbury Auxiliary Society, and his contribution and expenses connected with the institution generally cost him 40*s.* annually.

In the same year he presented 1,500*l.* to the trustees of the Countess of Huntingdon's College at Cheshunt. He was probably influenced to bestow so large a sum upon this establishment, in token of his gratitude for having, in his younger days, received a conviction and conversion through the instrumentality of a highly-respected minister in her ladyship's connection.

He also gave 500*l.* Three per Cent. Consols to trustees, for the benefit of the minister and Sunday School of the Tewkesbury Baptist chapel.

But while Mr. Caddick was thus generally bountiful, he was, withal, not unmindful of the claims of his own kindred and connections. In his allusion to them he would often quote the well-known passage of St. Paul:—"If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel;" and then would add an aphorism to the effect that "it is proper for charity to begin at home, but it ought never to end there."

He professed himself to be a Dissenter and a Whig; but in bestowing gifts to individuals, he disclaimed being in the least degree influenced by religious or political feelings. If a sober, honest, and industrious character sought his aid, he inquired not whether he was a Churchman, or a Nonconformist, a Conservative, or a Liberal.

In such high estimation was the character of this lamented gentleman held by his neighbours, that the shops and private houses were wholly closed on this mournful occasion, and nearly all the respectable inhabitants of the borough followed his remains, with the greatest marks of decorum and propriety, to their last earthly resting-place.

By his will, the deceased appointed James Blount Lewis, esq. and Joshua Thomas, esq. his executors; and after amply providing for his widow and such of his relations as were not already in affluent circumstances, he bequeaths legacies to numerous friends, and makes the undermentioned bequests to public institutions:—

The London Missionary Society	£1,000	3 per Cent. Consols.
Highbury Independent College	1,000	"
Baptist College, Stoke's Croft,		
Bristol	1,000	"
British or Lancasterian School,		
Tewkesbury	800	"
Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Edgbaston, near Birmingham	500	"
Gloucester Infirmary	500	"
Gloucester Lunatic Asylum	500	"
Gloucester Magdalene Asylum	300	"
Wesleyan Missionary Society	300	"
Fund for assisting poor Lunatics on their leaving Gloucester Asylum	200	"
Moravian Missionary Society	1,000	Brazilian Bonds.
Baptist Missionary Society	1,000	"
Religious Tract Society	1,000	"
Irish Evangelical Society	1,000	"
British and Foreign School Society	1,000	"
Congregational and Home Missionary Society	400	Sterling.
School of Industry for the Blind, Bristol	500	"
Church Missionary Society	300	"
Infant School, Tewkesbury	100	"
Tewkesbury Dispensary	100	"
		£12,700

[The above interesting account of a very valuable member of society is abridged from a biographical memoir of Mr. Caddick in the *Gloucester Journal*. The deceased was a near relative of Mr. Caddick, chemist, of Newcastle.]

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

CHELSEA.—On the 28th ult. at Putney-heath, Viscountess Chelsea, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

CORNEY, Bolton, Esq. M.R.S.L. of Barnes-terrace, Surrey, to Henrietta Mary, daughter of Captain Richard Pridham, R.N. and niece of Thomas Freeman Jessep, Esq. Steward of the Royal Hospital, on the 7th inst. at the Church of St. Alphege, Greenwich.

DEATHS.

ARUNDEL, the Rev. John, formerly Home Secretary to the London Missionary Society, on the 5th inst. at 11, Brixton-place, Brixton, aged 69.

IRVINE, the Rev. Robert, Rector of St. John's, Lambeth, at Malta, on the 23rd ult.

SEYMOUR, the Right Hon. Lord George, at Brighton, on the 10th inst. aged 84.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE publishing world revives rapidly. Many new tales are announced, of the promises of which, however, we can glean nothing. The biography of L. E. L. is a very poor production, unworthy of the fame of the regretted poetess. Dr. Mackay has announced some "Memoirs of Extraordinary Delusions," being, we presume, reminiscences of very eccentric personages.—Eassalad Efendi, a Turkish poet, has lately died, leaving 10,000/- towards making the streets of Constantinople purer, and the remainder of his very large fortune is also to be devoted to sanitary improvement.—A substitute for chloroform has been discovered by M. H. Thaulow, a Christiania apothecary. It is very cheap, is made from charcoal, and is applied in the same way as chloroform.—The Rev. W. Thorp, of Yorkshire, has succeeded in making the Davy-lamp as complete as can be desired. His improvements insure against the possibility of igniting fire-damp in mines, and he has liberally given all who require it the benefit of his discovery by refusing to patent it.—Mr. Thom died at Dundee on the 28th ultimo. For some time past the poet had been in delicate and declining health. He has left behind him a widow and three children, the eldest of whom is only five years, and the youngest but a few months old. These are utterly destitute.—The report of the Literary Fund Society, read at the meeting of Wednesday last, stated that 1,230/- had been appropriated during the past year to the relief of authors and the widows and orphans of authors—making total sum of 35,060/- expended since the institution of the society in 1790. The Marquis of Lansdowne was re-elected President; and the anniversary dinner was announced for the 10th of May—the Duke of Northumberland to preside.

—The new Tubular Railway Bridge at Conway has been fixed without any accident.—The testimonial fund raising for Mr. George Cruikshank progresses favourably.—Mr. Edward Moor, author of "Suffolk Words and Phrases," died on Saturday the 26th ult. at his residence at Great Bealdings.

MR. G. LAWRENCE may be CONSULTED daily, from Two to Five, or by letter, at 119, Jermyn-street, Regent-street, London, upon the CURE OF PILES, FISTULA, and PROLAPSUS, of however long standing, which he undertakes to cure radically in a short time without confinement, on a peculiar method of twenty years' experience, without caustic or the use of the knife. These complaints, arising from an over irritation with subsequent laxity of the lower bowel, are effectually remedied under the gentle treatment by himself adopted.

NERVO-PATHIC and MEDICAL GALVANIC INSTITUTION, 46, STRAND, Conducted by Mr. DALBY, under the most distinguished patronage, for the cure of all kinds of Nervous Complaints, including Deafness, Paralysis, Indigestion, &c. by means of Galvanism and the Nervo-pathic treatment, now so extensively employed by Mr. Dalby.

J. Dalby, 46, Strand, Inventor of Dalby's celebrated Nervous Chloroform Balm.

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KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, strongly recommended by the Faculty for giving relief in that distressing Cough which invariably follows an attack of influenza. Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d. and tins, 2s. 9d. 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c. No. 79, St. Paul's Church-yard, London; and Retail, by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

London, 9, King's Arms-yard, January 14, 1848.
DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Cough Lozenges, known as "KEATING'S LOZENGES." I have been troubled with a hacking Cough for many years past, but at a recommendation of a friend, I was induced to try your Lozenges, and am happy to say, after using two boxes of them, I find myself perfectly restored. I have recommended my friends to use them. I am, yours truly,

Thomas Keating, Esq. GEO. B. BELCHER,
COUGH CURED AFTER AN ATTACK OF
INFLUENZA.

St. Ives, Hunts, January 13, 1848.
SIR,—Having been attacked by the influenza a short time ago, it left me with a very troublesome Cough. I was recommended to try your Lozenges, which, I am happy to say, completely cured me, after only taking half a box of them.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,
Thomas Keating, Esq. THOS. E. DAVIS,

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